

OUR GOVERNMENT'S PLAN FOR  
POSTWAR GERMANY BY KINGSBURY SMITH

THE SOLID SOUTH IS CRACKING  
BY JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES

APRIL 1943

# The American Mercury



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# *The American* MERCURY

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## OUR GOVERNMENT'S PLAN FOR POSTWAR GERMANY

BY KINGSBURY SMITH

IF America's official planners have their way, the German people are going to be given one more chance after this war to prove they can become peaceful, co-operative members of a sane society of nations. But this time, the Germans are going to have to learn to be good the hard way. Strict control for an indefinite period of years under a policy of stern but just

treatment is the objective envisaged for Germany by those officials in Washington who are formulating the American plans for a defeated Axis.

The plans involve total disarmament of the German nation; swift, merciless punishment of its war criminals; drastic decentralization of the country as a single powerful industrial and political unit, and

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KINGSBURY SMITH's previous articles in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* — "The American Plan for a Reorganized World" and "Our Government's Case for Expediency" — aroused nationwide discussion and were read carefully abroad. Not only were they intrinsically important, but it was clear that the author had consulted authoritative governmental sources before preparing them. The present article is even more significant, as the first detailed report on the American program for a defeated Germany. — THE EDITORS.

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the temporary restriction of its economic life to the minimum required for self-subsistence.

The idea is not, however, to crush the German people permanently. The American planners want to give the Germans an opportunity to redeem themselves. This policy is not motivated by humanitarian softness or benevolence. It is dictated by sheer self-interest. Those who are trying to plan in a dispassionate, realistic manner know that we can not have lasting peace if the people of any large nation, and especially the Germans, are treated as pariahs.

It is intended to draw a distinction between Germany as a state and as a people. We do not intend to permit the state to become a powerful single unit again for many years, but we are prepared after a probationary period to treat the German individual on a basis of equality — providing he demonstrates, to quote Secretary of State Cordell Hull, "his willingness and ability to live at peace with other nations."

This is a general outline of the trend of thought among high State Department officials in respect to the American plans for a defeated Germany. These plans, of course, are still in a state of formulation. They are subject to

change, and necessarily depend to a great extent on the conditions which may exist in Germany at the time of its occupation by Allied forces. Some of the views expressed in this article represent ideas rather than concrete plans. A quick military defeat of Germany, or internal collapse in that country, might cause the ideas to crystallize into a definite plan overnight. On the other hand, new developments may change them. With these reservations in mind, the following is presented as the American program for the postwar treatment of Germany.

## II

The first step planned for Germany following occupation of that country by Allied forces under the terms of unconditional surrender is the establishment of a military government. This military form of government will be established by the commander of the United Nations forces which occupy Germany. Its purpose will be: first, to safeguard the occupying forces and to maintain a favorable military situation; and second, to preserve law and order among the civilian population.

The American planners consider it absolutely essential that an un-

derstanding be reached in advance between the United States, Great Britain and Soviet Russia concerning the joint policy to be followed in connection with the establishment of a military government in Germany. It is felt that as soon as Germany has been completely occupied, a supreme Allied military and civil government should take over. This government would control the administration of Germany; supervise the total disarmament of its air, land and sea forces; and direct the decentralization of its industries and general readjustment of its economic life.

While it is anticipated that the establishment of a military government in Germany will be a joint Allied move, the American government is preparing to handle the problem either alone or in co-operation with the other United Nations.

*A select group of army officers and civilian experts from the various government departments are being given special training to act as "civil affairs officers" in the military government that is established in Germany. The War Department alone is planning to train more than a thousand American top administrators to help govern Germany.*

These American *Gauleiters* are being prepared at the U. S. Army

School of Military Government at Charlottesville, Virginia. This school was established in May 1942. Its commandant is Brigadier General Cornelius Wickersham, of New York, and it is under the supervision of Major General Allen W. Gullion, Provost Marshal General. Two classes of one hundred and fifty men each already have been graduated after a four months' course of training. A third class is now taking the course. These "top" administrators are being trained to handle civil affairs in the provinces and large cities of Germany. The trainees include both army officers and civilians who have had considerable experience in government, speak German well and have been acquainted with that country in the past.

Little time is devoted to ideology and pure theory in the training of the men. The major attention is concentrated on the practical problems of dealing with areas of potential occupation. The problems the prospective *Gauleiters* are studying include not only the laws, customs, economy and psychology of the German people, but especially the preparation of definite plans for taking over specific areas. For example, if an American general should occupy Hamburg, a plan will be available for establishment

of military government there, along with the trained administrators who helped prepare the plan. These Americans are being taught at Charlottesville that the best results in governing Germany will be obtained "by a policy of justice, honor and humanity." They are being warned that while military government must be firm, a military occupation "marked by harshness, injustice or oppression" will leave "lasting resentment" in the hearts of the German people and will "sow the seeds of future war." Special occupational military police for Germany also are being trained by the War Department at Fort Custer, Michigan. Our Navy, too, is training contingents for service in Germany. In addition, key men in the State and Treasury Departments, the Board of Economic Warfare and several other governmental agencies are being carefully selected for special training to act as advisers or technical experts in Germany.

While the American administrators and technical experts are being trained primarily to work with the military government established in Germany, it also is intended that they shall be available to continue on with the supreme Allied government that follows the military one set up by the occupying armies.

### III

Following the establishment of a military government in Germany, the next immediate step which the American planners believe must be taken is the quick round-up, trial and punishment of those considered to be war criminals. The swiftness with which this policy is carried out relentlessly and unmercifully is considered of paramount importance. It would head off the danger of the European people, particularly those in the conquered countries, taking matters into their own hands. Unless there is prompt punishment of the war criminals through an orderly process of justice, it is feared that widespread civil war will develop in Europe, especially in the conquered territories, where quislings and local Nazis have co-operated with the Germans. One Fighting French spokesman estimated that a million people might be killed in France alone unless the proper preventative measures are taken by the Allied liberating armies. Another reason for swift and pitiless action against the war criminals is to convince the German people that their leaders can no longer escape retribution for starting world wars, as some of them did after the last one.

Plans are now underway for the

establishment of a United Nations Commission for the investigation of war crimes. Members of this Commission may also serve on the United Nations court which will be established later to try the higher German officials, including the Nazi party leaders, who are considered responsible for sponsoring or condoning the barbaric slaughter and persecution of Jews in Europe, as well as other war crimes. It is intended that every high ranking Nazi, including Hitler himself, Goering, von Ribbentrop, and Goebbels, shall be brought to immediate trial.

As for Hitler, there is a good deal of doubt in official circles in Washington whether he will be taken alive. It is considered highly probable that when he realizes the game is up, he will commit suicide. But if he is captured, the American Government will favor his trial before a United Nations tribunal on charges of mass murder, with execution by an Allied firing squad if found guilty. Apart from Hitler and his Nazis, it is intended that the generals of the German army shall not escape punishment for permitting war crimes in the territories under their command.

Most important of all, the United Nations plan to punish the Gestapo leaders and their subordi-

nates who carried out the crimes. The American Government has for months been compiling an "atrocities list" of the names of Gestapo men, SS troops and other German agents charged with perpetrating crimes against the peoples of the conquered countries. Governments of the other United Nations likewise are compiling their own atrocities lists.

Soviet Russia advocates trial and punishment of war criminals as soon as they are captured during the war, but the American Government opposes this suggestion on the grounds that it might lead to Axis reprisals against innocent Allied hostages and prisoners of war. The American plan is to start the trials as soon as Germany has surrendered. While an international civil and military tribunal is favored for the trial of Hitler and his Nazi leaders, it is felt that military courts could be used to try the rank and file of the Nazi war criminals. There also is a desire in some official quarters to have German courts, which have been purged of Hitlerism, try those local Nazis who have been guilty of abusive action against the people in their own communities.

One of the first measures it is intended to take in conjunction with the military occupation of

Germany is the immediate removal of all Nazi party officials from public office, including the government, judiciary, and the schools. There are to be no deals of expediency with the Nazis in Germany, whether in or out of office. On the other hand, it is intended to retain as much of the civilian personnel of the public services and police forces of Germany as the Allied military leaders feel can be relied on to do their work loyally and efficiently under strict control. It is recognized that there probably are a good many German public servants who were compelled to become associated with the Nazis in order to exist.

One of the immediate post-occupational objectives in Germany will be the abolition of the Nazi anti-Semitic laws and the restoration of the principle of human rights. It also is intended to restore gradually the principle of freedom of speech and the press, though both these mediums of expression will be strictly controlled during the occupational period to prevent political falsehoods or any attempt to sabotage the Allied plans.

Parallel with these early occupational moves will be measures for the immediate and total disarmament of Germany. These measures will be carried out rapidly and with

the utmost precision. It is intended to deprive Germany of all armaments except the small arms required by its police force to maintain civil order. This will include all air forces and submarines. German civil aviation also will be restricted, and it will be allowed to train only a small number of civilian pilots. In addition, it is considered necessary to limit the number of airfields, private or otherwise, that may be used in Germany, and to place them under strict Allied supervision. It is intended to station Allied air forces on the main German airdromes and to maintain a constant patrol of the country during the disarmament and probationary period.

#### IV

Though the German army is to be disarmed as rapidly as possible, it is not considered wise to discharge all the soldiers immediately. Demobilization of the armed forces is planned on a gradual scale and in accord with provisions for their return to peaceful employment. The discharged soldiers of a defeated nation on the loose are considered ripe for revolution. That is the one thing the American planners feel must be avoided in Germany. Therefore, it is felt that a



good many of the soldiers must be kept mobilized temporarily, and used as labor battalions to help rebuild the devastated areas not only of their own country but of the other European territories that were destroyed by Germany.

As part of the disarmament of Germany, and the drastic reduction of its heavily overdeveloped war industries, it is considered necessary to remove a great deal of machinery from the country. Most of this machinery will be given back to the conquered nations from which a good deal was either taken or destroyed by the Germans. The industries which are left intact in Germany will be prohibited from manufacturing munitions or implements of war of any kind and will be operated under strict United Nations control to prevent them from being used for support of any future war power.

Germany, in the opinion of the American planners, must be made to realize its defeat, and especially the fact that it will not be permitted to rearm, secretly or otherwise, for a very long time. It must not be permitted to retain any "token" army that can be used by the generals as the nucleus for training an officer class. Nor must it be permitted to hold "maneuvers" with unarmed troops using

wooden guns and mock tanks. That was one of the mistakes made the last time. This time the Germans must be taught that their only salvation lies in co-operating peacefully and loyally with the rest of the world.

While it is intended that Germany shall never again be permitted to become the dominant military power in Europe, it is not planned to deprive the Germans forever of the opportunity of sharing in the work of an international police force. When the German people have proved to the satisfaction of the United Nations that they have renounced for good the idea of militarism as an instrument of national policy, then it is felt they can be allowed to play their proportionate share in the collective security system that is designed to maintain world peace. But this opportunity is something they can not hope for in less than a generation of good behavior.

America's planners realize that some measures of relief will be necessary in Germany after its occupation and during the readjustment of its economic life. However, American policy in respect to postwar relief for Germany is based solely on American self-interest. It is intended to limit relief measures in Germany to the mini-

munum required to prevent revolution and chaos. There is no disposition on the part of the American Government to play Santa Claus to the Germans simply because they have been defeated and we have rid them of the Nazis. Furthermore, the people of the conquered territories, especially those who helped us smash the Axis, are considered to have a priority on our relief resources. In our own interests, however — in the interests of lasting peace and a stable world order — it is felt that we must prevent famine, disease and complete economic chaos in Germany, because our planners are convinced these would mean communism not only for that country but probably for all Europe as well. It is therefore planned to prevent starvation and disease in Germany after the war, and to assist the country in maintaining an economic level of self-subsistence.

This will mean food and medical supplies during the emergency period after occupation of the country. It may mean seeds and fertilizer to help them plant crops. The sooner they can grow enough to eat, the sooner we can stop sending food. In feeding them, however, it is planned to restrict the supplies to the minimum required to prevent actual starvation. It is in-

tended that available food supplies shall be restricted even when harvest time enables them to start feeding themselves. The surplus above that needed to maintain self-subsistence will be diverted to those European countries whose farm lands were destroyed by the Nazi military machine.

Our emergency food relief measures will be directed chiefly to the needy German children. Furthermore, our relief will be distributed under American auspices, probably the Red Cross, and with an American flag prominently displayed at the distributing centers. We want the Germans, especially the children, to know where the relief is coming from.

## V

Aside from disarmament and the payment of reparations in the form of goods and services, the most drastic action envisaged by the American planners for a defeated Germany involves fundamental changes in its national, political and economic systems. It is in these basic matters of statehood that the German people are going to be compelled to pay most severely for the criminal folly of following Hitler in his mad movement of world conquest. There is a definite feeling

among the American planners *that Germany must be drastically decentralized as a political and economic unit, even to the point of breaking up the country into separate states or regions.*

Yes, the dismemberment of Germany as a political and economic unit is being seriously considered. This idea is not dictated by revenge. It is inspired by a genuine desire to find a solution for the militarism of Germany. It is the opinion of those officials who are studying the problem that Germany has proved it can not make a success of nationalism.

On the other hand, it is felt that most of the good that has come out of Germany, such as its literary and musical culture, developed when that country was not practicing nationalism. Therefore, Germany must be decentralized, and must not again be allowed to become a single, powerful industrial and political unit. For example, the rest of Germany must be separated from Prussian influence.

As part of the decentralization of the German nation, it is intended during the probationary period, to prohibit the existence of political parties whose policies are based on extreme nationalism. Strict control will be exercised to make sure such political movements do not develop

underground. Disobedience by the Germans in this respect will bring immediate and drastic economic sanctions, followed, if necessary, by military force to break up the movements and liquidate their leaders.

In the economic field, it is intended first to reduce and decentralize Germany's industries. These are now heavily overdeveloped to meet the tremendous war requirements. Germany's cartels will be broken up, and the industries left intact will be placed under strict Allied control. It also is intended to restrict the benefits which Germany derives from the balance of her industries, her agriculture and the rest of her economic life. At first, these benefits will be limited to a point designed merely to assure self-subsistence and permit necessary rehabilitation of the devastated areas. Later, as the German people give evidence of good faith in helping in the peaceful reconstruction of Europe, the benefits will be increased until full equality of commercial opportunity is achieved by Germany.

In the process of this controlled operation of German economy, it is felt that the country must be allowed a limited amount of foreign trade to enable her to obtain the raw materials, such as cotton and

oil, that are needed for her limited peaceful purposes. It also is considered necessary to stabilize German currency after the war in order to prevent economic collapse.

Again, these are not merely humanitarian motives, but measures of self-interest to prevent a poverty-ridden Germany from dislocating international, and especially European, trade. The American planners consider Germany to be the workshop of Europe. There is no disposition to scrap the workshop. But it is intended that it shall be used for peaceful and not warlike purposes, and that the creative, administrative and industrial ability of Germany shall be diffused over Europe as a whole.

*The American planners are not resigned to the idea that the German people cannot be made peaceful and contented members of a sensible society of nations.* In order to persuade the German people to embrace loyally the basic principles of peaceful processes, it is believed that a great educational campaign of enlightenment will have to be undertaken in Germany to erase the stamp of Hitlerism.

Some of the American planners favor establishment of an international educational commission, including responsible German members, to draft a program of impartial

factual world history for the German schools and universities. This is necessary to prevent Germany's children from being given a distorted version of world events, and especially their nation's actions during the current century. It also is thought that the campaign of historical truths must be applied to German adults as well as the children. It is no use teaching the children the truth in the schools and having it nullified in the homes. The radio and the press, under proper supervision, could be used for this purpose. It is further hoped to enlist the aid of the religious organizations, such as the Catholic, Protestant and Lutheran churches, in converting the Germans to a policy of peaceful co-operation with the rest of the world.

This is a blueprint of the American plan for a defeated Germany as it is shaping up in the minds of the official planners in Washington. If the plan is to work, the United States Government will need the overwhelming support of public opinion in this country. Unless America accepts its full share of responsibility in making the plan work, it will collapse and Germany will become a prey to the vengeance-seeking peoples of Europe, and the seeds of the third world war will be sown.

► *Mounting signs that Democrats  
may lose monopoly of votes.*

## THE SOLID SOUTH IS CRACKING

By JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES

WHEN the doubtful state of Illinois went Democratic in 1932 by a majority of 382,290, the Negro vote of about 170,000 amounted to a balance of power. When the normally Republican state of Pennsylvania went Democratic four years later by a majority of 581,646, the Negro vote played a big role in the upset; the Republican majority in 1932 in Pennsylvania had been less than 70,000 — and there are some 207,000 Negro voters in the state. Pennsylvania counts for more in the Electoral College than Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina combined, while Illinois outweighs Virginia and North Carolina put together.

Perhaps the most significant political event below the Potomac since Lincoln freed the slaves was the winning of the Negro vote above the Potomac by the Democrats in 1932 and its retention in 1936 and 1940. It means that from now on the Democratic Party will be competing for what has heretofore belonged to the Republicans.

And because the vote represents something near a balance of power in balance-of-power states, it means also that Northern Negroes may become more important than Southern whites in the party of the white South's long allegiance.

This is one of the forces that makes a political crack-up possible at last in the South. The cement which has held the region together politically has begun to crumble. Belief in the Democratic Party as the loyal spokesman of the South's racial attitude has been the sole basis of that political solidarity. That belief can exist no more. Its basis is going with the cold arithmetic which makes the Northern Negro a more profitable object of political cajolery than the South. The process has been hastened by New Deal policies on Negro questions, by the to-do about "Eleanor Clubs" and a number of other factors.

I am not here discussing the right or the wrong of these things, but their political implications. The race issue is one on which Southern-

ers will not compromise. They will accept help, listen to argument, enact reforms in the gathering liberal impulse, and try to abide by United States Supreme Court rulings. But they will not be forced. You do not have to judge the fact to know that it is a fact. With ten million of the country's thirteen million Negroes living in their midst, they consider the problem delicately their own and not to be settled by analogy with conditions in India or Manhattan. Attempts at coercion have the same centripetal effect on otherwise nation-minded Southerners as they did half a century ago.

Mark Ethridge, friend of Roosevelt and much criticized for his liberalism in certain Southern circles, stood up at the hearings of the President's Fair Employment Practices Committee in Birmingham last summer and warned his fellow-members:

There is no power in the world — not even in all the mechanized armies of the earth, Allied and Axis — which could now force the Southern white people to the abandonment of the principle of social segregation. It is a cruel disillusionment, bearing the germs of strife and perhaps tragedy for any of their [the Negroes'] leaders to tell them that they can expect it or that they can exact it as the price of their participation in the war.

He was restating what another

nation-minded Southerner, Henry Grady of Atlanta, had said fifty-three years before. The Georgian had been widely attacked for surrendering too much to the North, but he told the Boston Merchants' Association in 1889:

We wrested our state government from Negro supremacy when the Federal drumbeat rolled closer to the ballot box and Federal bayonets hedged it deeper about than will ever again be permitted in this free government. But, sir, though the cannon of this Republic thundered in every voting district of the South, we should still find in the mercy of God the means and the courage to prevent its re-establishment.

Thus, always, the centripetal force of regional fact draws the Southerner home. Practically all Southerners — liberal and conservative, nation-minded and regional — agree that the Negro problem is too Southern to have its ultimate settlement determined outside. *That is the beginning and the end of the Solid South.* Otherwise there is no such animal.

Democratic primaries in our midst are the equivalent of general elections elsewhere. They proceed with more violent division than anywhere else in the country. Issues are sharply drawn. Nowhere else have capital and labor been so ready to spill blood. Nowhere else have "moral" forces been so bar-

baric in imposing their will on the allegedly "immoral" ones. Even on the matter of protective tariffs, against which Southerners are supposed to agree, the coming of industry has produced hot defenders of high levies. The quarrels between New Dealers and "antis" have been fiercer here than anywhere else in the nation, perhaps because nowhere else have the masses had so much to gain and the classes so much to lose.

The Solid South has therefore meant one thing only — the South in relation to its Negro question. But on that, the Democratic Party is likely henceforth to offer no more, if no less, than the Republican. This is the all-important fact which releases Southerners from their own compulsion for blind loyalty to one party. The question now is what they will do with the release.

## II

I am convinced that in due time, and probably faster than the country as a whole suspects, they will split into their component parts, like any other politically healthy people when given the chance. I believe the stigma against voting Republican will disappear. This does not mean, necessarily or even

probably, that the South will go Republican in 1944. But it does mean that, if it chooses to do so, the South is going to feel free to go Republican and be damned.

The quadrennial business of being a deadweight in favor of one national party against the other, no matter what the issues, is blessedly on the way out. If the Republican Party holds to its life-long folly of economic isolationism, captains of industry in Birmingham are going to feel at liberty to indulge the same folly by voting the Republican ticket. If the Democratic Party continues after the war to multiply God-playing at Washington, Southern Democrats who believe that only God can make a tree or a price or a controlled economy will not have to gnash teeth in political outer-darkness if they check with the elephant on election day. If the Democratic Party changes its philosophy and Southerners don't like it, they will know where to go. If the Republican Party changes its own and makes a big bid for the Southern masses, it will have a chance to be heard.

Former Governor Frank Dixon of Alabama and retiring Governor Sam Jones of Louisiana, anti-New Dealers both, are urging a separate Southern Party. Failing that, they propose a boycott on the Demo-



cratic National Convention and a set of uncommitted Southern electors prepared to bargain when the College meets. They believe the South's vote must be made valuable again nationally by the threat of being withheld. They want it to be bargained for—as the Negro vote in the North and Central states is going to be. Response to their proposal has been negligible. Southern editors on both sides of the New Deal fight have damned it, and Mr. Dixon's friend and successor as Governor of Alabama, Chauncey Sparks, has refused to have any part in it, vowing eternal loyalty to the Democratic Party although himself considered an anti-New Dealer.

The separate Southern Party idea grows in undesirability among thoughtful Southerners the more they look at it. To amount to anything it would have to include all the discordant elements now composing the Democratic Party in the South and its sole reason for existence would be the Negro. The South would be more isolated than ever, its quarrels with the rest of the country aggravated, and the Southern issue between white and black made suicidally sharp. Except for its opportunity to bargain on the race question the region would be politically more impotent

than ever, confined to one question and without deliberative place in either of the national parties. To have the South more separated from the rest of the nation than it is already would be a tragedy for both. The Fighting South, which led all others in response to the war's first calls, needs to have its special regional problems politically respected and to make its vote worth bidding and conceding for, but it does not need to secede again. It needs only to be politically doubtful. That seems to be the dominant Southern reaction to the Dixon-Jones proposals.

With a strong and challenging Republican Party the region's vote would be sought competitively, even as the vote of the Northern Negro is now sought. This would give automatic protection to its special situation on the race matter, and without making more hateful the present division between white and black. With two parties contending for Southern votes there would be a clarification of political thinking there, too, and a spur to both parties.

Going Republican has been something against all nature in the South up to now, but not beyond accomplishment. In 1928 a compound antipathy to rum, Romanism and brown derbies gave Hoover

Virginia, North Carolina, Texas, Tennessee, Florida and Kentucky — and it is still whispered that Alabama went that way, too, if the truth had been counted. What will happen in 1944 I do not attempt to say. National reactions indicated in the elections of 1942 have their reflections in the South and are in some instances even more definite than elsewhere.

Fervent New Dealers are denying it and fervent “antis” are exaggerating it, but the South has undergone some political sea-change since 1940. It is not confined to developments regarding the race question. The farmers, who still make up most of the Southern population, have been turning against the New Deal, forgetting how the alphabet was rushed to their aid during the depression and mindful only of what they consider unfairly low ceilings on their products and discrimination in favor of union labor. Big industrialists, always against the New Deal, have taken the farmers’ side in many instances. There are the makings of a farmer-industrialist coalition. Labor unionism is comparatively so new to the South that its hold there is more tenuous than in other sections. The recurrent waves of national feeling against strikes and absenteeism in war plants have

mounted higher in Dixie than anywhere else. In the South, too, wartime controls have been more burdensome. Mostly country-bred, Southerners are more accustomed than city folks to doing as they please. Washington talk of the war as a world-wide revolution and pronouncements by New Deal prophets that things would “never be the same again” have made Southerners uncomfortable.

Another factor contributing to Southern disaffection is the region’s reduced weight in Democratic National Conventions. When the two-thirds rule for making nominations was passed at the first convention in 1832 the object was party unanimity. Not till long after the Civil War did the rule come to be looked on as a veto power for the South. When the New Deal leadership forced its abolition in 1936 many Southerners felt lost and cheated. There was a widely organized Southern attempt in the convention of 1940 to make up for the loss by changing the system of apportionment of delegates. It was proposed to substitute for the existing one, based principally on census population, the Republican system in which representation is based in larger part on actual party population in the different states and on party loyalty in preceding

elections. This would have prevented a situation in which the normally Republican state of Pennsylvania is able to outvote in Democratic conventions the faithfully Democratic ones of Virginia, North Carolina and Alabama combined. The Southern contention resulted, however, in a concession so minor that some of the Southern members scorned it as "a tip."

There are indications that our country's master political mind, located in the White House, has taken cognizance of the cracks in the Solid South. President Roosevelt has made what some observers interpret as concessions to the South since the quarrels over his Fair Employment Practices Committee last year. Southern suspicion that the Administration was backing Mrs. Roosevelt and Northern Negro leaders in proposals to use the war as an excuse to force abolition of all race distinctions has been mollified by a series of incidents. A modification of the United States Employment Service practice to let Southern employers specify whether they want white or black workers has taken the wind out of some anti-New Deal sails. When the anti-poll tax bill was being filibustered against by Southern Senators last December Mr. Roosevelt made a point of washing his hands

of the controversy. And more recently there was the Edward J. Flynn matter: perhaps it was only coincidence, but the decision to withdraw Flynn's nomination came immediately after two Southern Senators, George of Georgia and McKellar of Tennessee, had announced their opposition. There was the novel spectacle, too, of Mrs. Roosevelt giving her column to praise of a magazine article damning sensationalism and agitation in the national Negro press.

The force that will operate most effectively against a break-up of the Democratic Party is the vested interest of so many successful Southern politicians in that party's control. No matter how much they may disagree among themselves, their political lives have been contained within the salubrious climate of the party and they cannot contemplate the rough weather of a two-party system.

All that can be said for certain of the current political dissenting in the South is that it will make the devil of a fight in the coming Southern Democratic primaries. Whether the bitterness will result at any early date in a genuine two-party situation no one dares prophesy. But the significant fact is that this is possible now for the first time since Appomattox.

## WASHINGTON, MECCA OF LOST NATIONS

BY HANS HABE

NINE out of the thirty-two United Nations are governments-in-exile. Their seat is in London, which is the capital of ten countries, the headquarters of five Kings and nine Prime Ministers. All of these nations — Belgium, Holland, Greece, Norway, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Luxembourg, and the National Committee of the Free French — have representatives in the American capital. "The embassies in Washington," an American statesman said recently, "are more powerful than the governments in London. The embassies represent the governments but the governments represent nobody." There is a core of truth in his amiable exaggeration: the decisive importance of American support and opinion has, in fact, made Washington the true center of the wartime world.

A stranger, more contradictory international capital has never before existed. Governments-in-exile are only the beginning of the diplomatic maze. There are *would-be* governments of every political hue.

There are committees or pressure groups for a great many racial or territorial entities enjoying varying degrees of official tolerance. There are legations recognized by some of the United Nations and ignored by others. Thus the three little Baltic lands — Latvia, Lithuania and Esthonia — have full diplomatic status, though one of the top United Nations, Russia, considers them non-existent; whereas the National Committee of the Free French lacks official recognition in Washington though it is regarded as a government-in-exile by Russia.

Never before in history have so many foreign political and ideological currents crossed and tangled in one place. The myriad struggles within nations and among nations are represented in an intricate and confusing pattern. Journalists trying to understand the complex picture sometimes get lost in the jungle of intrigue, and political observers are likely to grow impatient. One hears tell-tale remarks: "These exile groups are torn by factions and cause us only trouble. . . . The

governments-in-exile will never be able to return anyhow. . . . They're costing us plenty. . . ."

While sympathy for the oppressed nations is increasing, sympathy for those who represent them is decreasing. Are the exile governments and near-governments necessary and useful? Are the wrangling groups irresponsible or do they reflect essential processes of clarification? It is of value to America to seek answers to such questions.

## II

Let us look first at the military factor. The nine governments without countries are not without armies. Their present contribution to the United Nations amounts to about 350,000 troops, 25,000 trained aviators, 20,000 seamen and 550,000 workers in war industry. If we count in the guerillas fighting in Axis-held areas, the conquered European nations are giving more than a million men to Allied manpower.

Of the 350,000 troops, 150,000 are Poles, whose forces occupy fifth place among those of the United Nations. General de Gaulle's Fighting French comprise some ten divisions, or over 100,000 men. The Dutch stationed in Australia and experienced in jungle combat, the

Norwegian commandos trained in Scotland, the Greek cavalry trained near Cairo, form small but hardened units. The Belgian armored regiments have proved themselves so formidable that the German General von Klotz called them "the iron Cossacks." Half a million Yugoslavs are fighting in their own country under various leaders. These land troops are supported by 10,000 Polish and over 2,000 French flyers; by a thousand Greek and a thousand Belgian parachutists and numerous other air troops. The Belgians in the Congo, the Greeks in Africa, the French in England, the Norwegians in Canada have their own training stations.

More important than the armies are the navies of the exiled governments. The nine governments have augmented United Nations sea power by 231 warships of various types and 2,200 merchant vessels. Norway has contributed over sixty warships, the Greeks over forty. The Dutch submarines operating in the Mediterranean, the Belgian fishermen's fleet transformed into commando boats, and the Polish destroyer which tracked down the *Bismarck* have all earned the respect of the enemy. Finally, we must recall the important strategic and economic bases in the colonies—French Equatorial Africa, the Bel-

gian Congo, the Dutch West Indies — as well as the fact that some 110,000 citizens of the nine nations in England and over 400,000 of them in America are active in armament industries.

Are the governments-in-exile a financial burden to the United States and England? The answer is both yes and no.

The Dutch, Norwegians and Belgians are the “refugees *de luxe*.” Although Vichy handed the Belgian gold stored in France over to the Germans, the Belgians have salvaged enormous reserves of capital abroad. These, together with the large income drawn from the Belgian colonies, enable the Pierlot government to meet all its expenses and even to pay cash for most of its English or American deliveries. The Dutch not only support themselves but finance some “poor relations” — paying all of Luxembourg’s bills, for instance. All Dutchmen living abroad pay taxes to their own government, whether they pay taxes to the countries they reside in or not. Equally well-to-do, equally severe in collecting taxes from their citizens abroad and equally thrifty are the Norwegians.

The Czechs, Greeks, and Yugoslavs may be said to belong to the “middle class” among the exiles. Though too poor to buy arma-

ments and support their own armies, all three have rescued enough gold or receive enough income to cover the costs of their political and diplomatic personnel. By contrast, the governments-in-exile of France and Poland are really poverty-stricken. Though they are militarily the most important, these two nations were unable to save any of their wealth from the holocaust. Both are supported by the British Treasury.

Thus the answers to the military and “housekeeping” questions are fairly easy, because they can be expressed in figures. The political questions are much more difficult.

### III

The over-all impression of confusion derives from three distinct sets of conflict: (1) between governments-in-exile and their own compatriots; (2) between the governments themselves, as well as groups aspiring to be governments; and (3) between the exile groups on the one hand and Britain and the USA on the other.

There are far-reaching quarrels within the Polish, Yugoslav, Czechoslovak and Free French governments. Some of them have spilled over into the press; even more smolder under the surface.

Among the exiled Yugoslav politicians, the struggle is both national and political. The existence of three independent armies in their country — the Serbian under General Mikhailovich, the Croatian under the traitor Ante Pavelich and the pro-Russian under Generals Tito and Nagy — naturally has its repercussions among the refugees. The recent reorganization of the Yugoslav Cabinet and the resignation of Foreign Minister Dr. Momcilo Nincich can be traced in part to these inner dissensions. Though the Croats are represented in the new government by the peasant leader Krnjevich and the Slovenes by Dr. Miha Krek, the Yugoslav Cabinet presided over by Slobodan Jovanovich is still accused of representing solely Serbian interests. Moreover, the new government, in which General Mikhailovich is Minister of War, still opposes the strongly pro-Soviet (though not entirely communist) guerillas whose leaders, Nagy and Tito, are both of Hungarian origin. Besides the Yugoslav government in London there is also a "Yugoslav National Committee" enjoying Russia's backing.

These Yugoslav conflicts are constantly being felt in Washington. The intrigues of the Croatian émigrés are all the more intensive because Constantin Fotich, the

Yugoslav ambassador, enjoys an exceptional popularity in the capital. Fotich must devote hours every day refuting the violent denunciations of his government received by American officials. He is backed up by the Pittsburgh *American Srbobran*, organ of the Serbian National Defense Committee, and by the two ex-ambassadors Subotich and Dukhich, who live in America. But he is Public Enemy Number One to Bunkhich and Pekich, two Yugoslav political figures in this country who insist that the government-in-exile represents a "dictatorship" by the Serbs. Besides such representatives of Yugoslav groupings there are American experts on Balkan affairs who clearly take sides with one or the other contending party, thus adding to the tension.

Inner struggles are no less sharp among the Czechs. True to their reputation as "masters of press politics," they have merely succeeded in concealing their dissensions better than the Poles and the Yugoslavs. The wrangles between Milan Hodza's Slovaks and Eduard Beněš' Czechs are as intense as those between Croats and Serbs. While Hurban, the Czech minister in Washington, presents the orthodox Czech point of view, former Premier Hodza, who lives in New



York and Washington, also has great influence in the State Department. The Slovaks in America have important newspapers at their disposal — the brilliantly edited daily New York *Denik* and the *Slovenska Obrana* published in Scranton, Pennsylvania. Beneš' prestige is not as well established as Thomas Masaryk's used to be. Jan Masaryk, Foreign Minister in the exile government and a worthy son of his father, is constantly shuttling between London, where the shrewd, experienced, morose Beneš holds sway, and Washington, where the pro-Slovak influence of the elegant and amiable Hodza dominates.

Antagonistic currents within the Polish government are also clearly felt in Washington. Questioned about their internal conflicts, the Polish embassy in Washington replied: "There are no controversies concerning our attitude toward Poland's enemies. There is some division of opinion as to the possibility of the establishment of good-neighbor relations with Russia." This is a fair summary. It should be recalled that two of the Polish Cabinet members entered the government immediately after their release from Soviet prison camps. But related to the conflict with Russia there are other problems: particularly the struggle between

the big landlords and the advocates of agrarian reform, and the struggle between the true democrats and the anti-Semitic element.

While General Wladyslaw Sikorski stands not only for collaboration with Russia but for a democratic Poland, the fascist-minded Polish "Colonels" still wield a strong influence in London and Washington. When the former Polish Minister of Finance Ignaz Matuszewski, who often travels between London and Washington, declared in his pamphlet, *What Poland Wants*, that his country "lies between two huge nations both possessed by demons," he was speaking for a great many of his countrymen. Ruthenia, he declared, should be given to Hungary and Poland compensated by the inclusion of the Baltic states in her future territory.

The *Nowy Swiat*, published in New York and backed by the Polish sausage importer Maximilian Wegrzynek (who also publishes the Hungarian *Amerikai Magyar Nepszava*), supports Matuszewski. And while Sikorski and his Foreign Minister, Edward Raczynski, oppose excessive nationalistic tendencies, Count August Zaleski and two other members of Sikorski's Cabinet have resigned for nationalistic reasons. These conflicts are reflected in the government offices

and salons of Washington. The "Polonian Republican League," the "Polish Democratic Union" and the "Fakultet Szkoly Polskiej" bombard Washington with letters. Poles intrigue against Russians, and Ruthenians against Poles.

Dissensions among the French are too well known to require comment. But in addition to the major conflict between Vichy and General de Gaulle, there are endless quarrels between defenders of various shades of opinion within the Free French Movement. While de Gaulle's diplomatic representatives in Washington are all behind the general — his envoy, André Tixier, is feared for his brutal frankness and respected for his sincerity — a thousand intrigues concerning France are spun in Washington. Many of these can be traced to capital *salons* presided over by American women who resided in France for a long time and in many cases married French noblemen.

Some Frenchmen read *Pour La Victoire* edited by Henri de Kerillis and Genevieve Tabouis — this weekly prefers Giraud to de Gaulle; others the strictly pro-Gaullist *Voix de France*, edited by Henry Torrès and Emile Buré. Dubbed a "reactionary" in some quarters, de Gaulle is attacked in Washington as a "communist." Countess de Mar-

renche, indirectly related to Laval, would rather receive Goering than de Gaulle in her *salon*. Several former diplomats of the Vichy embassy who have broken with Pétain chose to serve as privates in the American Army rather than as officers under de Gaulle. No partisan of Free France can appear at a tea of the Coordinating Council, and no Vichy partisan, no matter how disguised, is ever invited by the American-French War Relief Society. There are people who hate Laval but worship Pétain, who are for Catroux but against de Gaulle, who are ready to fight under Giraud but not under Noguès, for the Comte de Paris but not for Herriot. Indeed, one often has the impression that while some Frenchmen are willing to collaborate with the Germans, no Frenchmen are willing to collaborate with the French.

Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, Norway and Greece form favorable contrasts to the four other governments-in-exile. The Belgian Coalition Cabinet, which includes Catholics, Liberals and Socialists, consists mostly of people who belonged to the Cabinet formed in Belgium in April 1939. This Cabinet violently opposes the Flemish nationalists and the Rexists, but these two treacherous groups are not rep-

resented abroad. The situation is even simpler in the three other governments. Dr. Johan Nygaards-vold has been the Norwegian Premier since 1935, and after his exile his government was enlarged but did not change its political complexion. The Greek government under Tsouderos, the Luxembourgian government under Dupong and the Dutch government under Gerbrandy are completely united and their envoys in Washington have everyone's respect.

#### IV

Washington is also the theatre of bitter struggles for the recognition of self-constituted or minority "governments." Archduke Otto of Habsburg, who now lives in New York, dreams of an Austrian monarchy. The Hungarian Tibor von Eckhardt is working for a reactionary Hungary, though he is known to have ready access to the State Department. Count Ferdinand Czernin supports the Austrian republicans, while Edmund Czernin is an enthusiast for Otto. Hungarian republicans in turn are divided into those willing to collaborate with the communists and those who fear Stalin as much as or more than Hitler. There is even a "free Bulgarian" movement which is

striving to establish a government-in-exile under the leadership of ex-Ambassador Momchilov.

Chatin Sarachi, the Albanian *chargé d'affaires*, is waiting for recognition of his government-in-exile but refuses to have anything to do with the exiled King Ahmed Zog. No one knows much about the activities of the Union and League of Rumanian Societies of America, Inc., in Washington; but it is known that among the "free Rumanians" some are partisans of a strong republican Little Entente and some prefer King Carol's operetta kingdom. From time to time a Hungarian appears at the State Department to plead for a plane to fly to Hungary to rescue Count Bethlen; or a well-known New York oil magnate tries to obtain an American visa for King Carol, who is in Mexico. While London has recognized the "New Democratic Hungarian Committee" led by Count Karolyi, Assistant Secretary of State A. A. Berle in Washington promised to attend a meeting organized by the anti-Karolyi Eckhardt front.

All these internal differences have, of course, deeper roots. "The governments-in-exile," an English Ambassador once said, "are cards, not players." Some of them are cards in England's deck, some in Russia's. Holland, Luxembourg and

Norway lean on the USA more than on England; Yugoslavia, Greece and Belgium rely largely on London; the de Gaulle Movement looks increasingly to Moscow; Czechoslovakia also seeks Russian support; Poland gravitates between London and Washington.

Lord Cecil said during a debate on the exile governments, "What makes the governments-in-exile so sympathetic to me is their enemies." A little of that common-sense attitude should go a long way in encouraging tolerance for the refugee governments. Unquestionably personal ambitions and power lusts figure in the pattern. But the main impulses are deep, earnest, almost always patriotic. The problems out of which dissensions arise are genuine, the outgrowth of centuries of history.

Washington is enveloped in the smoke of political and ideological intrigues. When the OWI puts one of its short-wave stations at the disposal of some exiled statesman, his jealous countrymen and the representatives of other countries bombard Elmer Davis with letters accusing the favored foreigner of every conceivable crime. When the Office of Strategic Services requests an expert opinion from an embassy, two other embassies hasten to point out that the embassy

thus honored is neither competent nor impartial.

All this is extremely unpleasant. But when one investigates who the most violent adversaries of the governments-in-exile are, one almost invariably discovers that they belong in fascist or communist camps. The fascists are against the governments-in-exile because these are naturally under the influence of democratic forces in Washington and London. The communists of the various Axis-held countries are often distrustful of the legal governments set up abroad because these governments may serve to prevent postwar social revolutions in their respective countries. The Washington picture becomes clearer when we realize that, in a sense, the American capital has been the scene of an unofficial peace conference.

A number of solid facts must be kept in mind, facts which are more significant than all these differences between legal and extra-legal governments, ambitious society ladies, irresponsible adventurers, provincial organizations and exiled monarchs.

The nine governments-in-exile represent considerable military strength — about a million troops and seamen. They control and have put at the disposal of the Allies important strategic and economic

bases and a fleet of ten million tons. Except for Poland and the de Gaulist Movement, they are self-supporting and their cost to the United Nations is negligible. The oft-heard charge that these governments are "spendthrift" is sheer propaganda.

In most cases the exile governments are composed of responsible statesmen who enjoy great prestige in their countries. All except the Fighting French Cabinets are composed of former Ministers; the Prime Ministers of Belgium, Norway, and Luxembourg were in office at the time their respective countries were invaded. All nine of the governments-in-exile have declared themselves ready to submit to elections when the war is ended.

In contrast with these legal governments are the activities of some irresponsible groups, associations

and individuals whose background is obscure, whose funds come from unrevealed sources and whose plans are dubious. Among these are various active Croatian, Slovene, Slovak, Ruthenian, Rumanian, Albanian and even German "pretenders," as well as fascist-minded backers of certain French, Hungarian and Austrian groups. The confusion stems in most part from such sources rather than the governments-in-exile. In 1855, Alexander Vinet, a French philosopher, wrote: *Quand la reputation d'un homme est établie, elle est toujours meilleure ou pire qu'il ne la mérite.* (When the reputation of a man is established, it is always better or worse than he deserves.) A conscientious scrutiny of the situation shows that the established reputation of the governments-in-exile is worse than they deserve.

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## ON SEEING TWO OLD LADIES ON A BUS

Do not deplore the pursed lips, the rigid mouth,  
 As signs of bigotry,  
 But turn aside, remembering,  
 Such grim compression may well be  
 To keep the lips from trembling  
 And still the sad and frightened soul within.

ELEANOR PHINNEY

# THE STATE OF THE UNION

## *What Price "Security"?*

BY EUGENE LYONS

THE totalitarian animal has been described for the benefit of Americans in thousands of books, lectures, articles and news dispatches. Denunciation of its nasty ways of life accounts for roughly two-thirds of all public and private oratory. Recently a lot of plays and movies have done their stint in exposing the monster. We are fighting a war to keep its breed from our soil and if possible to expunge it altogether.

One would suppose, therefore, that the average American by this time has a pretty good idea of what the animal looks like. Though he has not yet felt its claws and its fangs, he can presumably imagine the horror without the privilege of direct experience. Yet there are on every hand proofs that the lesson hasn't quite taken. Our politicians and publicists, indeed, need only camouflage the beast with a bit of democratic foliage to have it enthusiastically accepted as a house pet by their countrymen. And curi-

ously, the very self-styled liberals who pride themselves on seniority in the matter of hating and defying the totalitarian abomination seem to be the most gullible in accepting its "democratic" versions. Every day one sees them cuddling up to "big government" and the omnipotent state with the unsuspecting delight of an infant reaching out for a lovely panther.

There are plenty of other signs of pervasive misunderstanding of the real nature of the modern dictatorship. The clinching evidence is provided by the statement one hears so often on nearly all levels of political thinking in our country. "There may be no freedom under dictatorship," it runs, "but at least there's security." There are any number of variations, but that's the main theme. When it is not expressed in so many words, it is implied by those who think they see some saving grace in dictatorships abroad or seek to make the state all-powerful at home.

Of all the legends about the authoritarian state in circulation, this one about the security it offers is the most fantastic. To anyone who has lived under the totalitarian dispensation — in Germany or Russia or Italy — the legend seems utterly grotesque. Because if there is one thing that is inescapable in all those countries it is a general, relentless, tragic and constant sense of *insecurity*.

The strange legend rests largely on the much advertised claim that “there is no unemployment” under the totalitarian system. At best this is an advantage which the system shares with every institution of slavery from the beginning of time; a boon which the subjects of the state supreme share with the populations of all prisons and most concentration camps. As a matter of fact, however, the claim itself is a far-fetched exaggeration. In both Germany and Russia the alleged “abolition of unemployment” has been in large measure statistical legerdemain. These countries simply elected to leave certain “undesirable” categories of the population out of the reckoning. Great masses of outcasts, shorn of every human right because of their blood or social origin or political beliefs, have been denied work and condemned to slow starvation — but

these do not appear in the official totals.

I can attest from first-hand knowledge, for instance, that thousands of workless men and women were rummaging for scraps in garbage heaps in Russian cities — and millions dying of hunger on denuded farms — at the very moment when the Kremlin announced the “final liquidation of unemployment”; that thousands of Jews (many of them Christians from birth) were condemned to permanent idleness in Germany at a time when Hitler was boasting that unemployment had been ended.

The central fact about unemployment in the totalitarian countries is that the problem was solved through all-out preparations for war. Population groups considered unworthy of labor were admitted to the privilege of working and eating only as fast as the needs of war production obliged the dictators to liberalize their rules; indeed, the problem was over-solved, with women, children, the aged and the invalided drawn into the productive process. But preparation for war automatically solves unemployment problems under any regime, including the democratic, and consequently it should not be reckoned as a special achievement of the fascist-type government.

## II

But we need not insist on this phase of the matter. Even if we grant in full the contention that the slave state provides work and a survival diet for all its subjects, the idea that this amounts to "security" remains false to the point of obscenity.

Webster defines the word as "freedom from fear, anxiety or care." Webster aside, every man — rich, poor or in-between — knows from his own experience that the test of security is less in deprivation today than in the gnawing apprehension of tomorrow. By this or any other test the totalitarian subject, from the highest to the lowest, is a creature hounded and insecure.

He lives under the continual hazards of arrest, outlawry, arbitrary discrimination. A careless word or thought or look — or a shift in official policy at some remote center of power — may shatter the pattern of his existence, whether he is a simple factory hand or peasant or an exalted subaltern of the state enthroned. He has no permanence of tenure on any job, any living space, any corner of personal existence, since he may be sent elsewhere or pushed into outer darkness without so much as a warning. There is only one em-

ployer, the state, and if this employer blacklists him, it is tantamount to a death sentence.

This may sound overdrawn to an American, but it is a simple statement of reality for the people of the fascist-type nation. Going to bed at night, they have no assurance that the secret police will not break their sleep before morning. No man knows when he will be separated from his family at the behest of the state, when his sons and daughters will be ordered to work-camps or instructed to live in ways that seem to him morally repugnant. He cannot even count on the last sanctuary of the tormented, the consolation of his particular religious faith, since that domain, too, is pre-empted by the authoritarian state.

In all the authoritarian countries, the USSR included, the so-called trade unions are merely extensions of the same state power which regulates every other aspect of life. Their function is to discipline their total membership. They constitute the other arm of the terrible vise which squeezes the last drop of effort and the last measure of obedience from workers for the greater power and glory of the state. The director of the Nazi or Soviet factory has more control over the lives of his employes than



any "boss" or manager in an average American or British plant. Under the Soviet law he could not only fire a worker but deprive him of his living quarters for being late and for a series of other minor infractions; there is an office of the secret police on the premises of every establishment.

I have lived for varying periods under the Nazi, Fascist and Soviet regimes and have talked with workmen who had learned to trust me. I can testify that an American worker enjoying the support of a decent trade union is master of his own fate — a free man among free men — far beyond the wildest imagining of a totalitarian subject. He has immeasurably more feeling of security and more self-respect. And now that the principle of unemployment insurance of one type or another has been accepted by democratic nations, he can even look forward to the ordeal of idleness with less terror than the dictated worker. Since unemployment, under the totalitarians, is normally a *punitive* measure against "undesirable" or recalcitrant slaves, there are no mitigations of the condition — no doles, no insurance, not even a charitable organization to which the outcast can turn.

The legend of "security" under dictatorship thus turns out to be a

cynical propagandist hoax. How can there be security in a police-state where fear is the normal climate of human life — where fear is deliberately cultivated by the despotic state as the most effective technique of subjection? Members of the ruling party live under the constant threat of being purged or liquidated. Every functionary, high or low, fears the arbitrary powers of his superiors, the denunciations of his subordinates, the vagaries of changing "party lines" which may turn them suddenly into enemies of the state through no fault of their own. Men and women dare not speak frankly even within the circle of their intimates and families, since snitching on your friends and relatives has been glorified as a particularly noble obeisance to the enthroned state. The days and nights of the totalitarian citizen are jungles teeming with known threats and unknown pitfalls. Existence amidst the tangled terrors is precarious and insecure and touched with panic.

Let those who talk lightly of security under all-powerful governments, those who would barter some part of our Bill of Rights for economic safety, those who in an excess of humanitarian zeal would limit or destroy the give-and-take of a free competitive society, pon-

der these matters. Proofs that the free competitive society has its imperfections and its injustices do not touch the issue. Our own totalitarians must learn to differentiate between reform and suicide.

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### *Note on Air Power*

THE AMERICAN MERCURY wishes to point up the fact that Lieutenant General Frank M. Andrews has been put in command of all American forces in Europe. It is a fact which adds up to victory for the advocates of true air power—a cause to which we have given a lot of space and energy in the last three years. Those who have read our aviation articles by Major Alexander P. de Seversky, Colonel Hugh J. Knerr and William Bradford Huie know that General Andrews personifies modern military aeronautics; they can understand our feeling of satisfaction.

The designation of any “air general” to such a critical post in the most critical year of the war would represent a triumph for the air-power idea. The circumstance that it is General Andrews adds dimensions to that triumph, because he has been way out front in the struggle to give America strategic air weapons and an independent air

strategy. Despite the object lesson on the dangers of non-conformity provided by the court-martial of General Billy Mitchell, Andrews continued to fight for autonomous air power and paid for his daring with reduction in rank and “banishment” to Fort Sam Houston, Texas—the Army’s “Siberia” for aviation agitators. Along with Colonel Knerr and others, he exacted funds for experiments with four-engined bombers in the face of bitter Army and Navy opposition. The big bomber is his “baby,” and we may expect that General Andrews will use it with hellish effect on the enemy.

The fight for national air-mindedness, of course, is by no means ended. It cannot be until air power attains full equality with the ground and sea weapons. We remain far from real “unity of command in the air” as long as available aerial forces are split between the Army and the Navy, as long as these services contend for control of a weapon that should be autonomous. But the appointment of General Andrews is proof that official thinking is moving in the right direction.

THE MERCURY is proud to have had a share in overcoming the general inertia.

► *The career of a patriotic  
soldier who is no politician:*

## IN DEFENSE OF GENERAL GIRAUD

BY BORIS SOUVARINE

THE name of General Henri Honoré Giraud first registered fully on the awareness of the world in April 1942 under sensational and even romantic circumstances. The sixty-three-year-old general had accomplished what would have been an amazing feat for a man half his age by escaping from the Koenigstein Fortress in Germany and returning to France. This *tour de force* seemed so extraordinary that it gave rise to absurd rumors. Could it have been collusion? Was it not, perhaps, another Rudolph Hess affair — a secret mission, mysterious peace overtures?

Actually, the thing was simple. Even before the war, Giraud and his wife had agreed upon a code, so that they could correspond if he should ever be taken prisoner. After over a year of minute preparations, Giraud escaped from the fortress by means of a rope. An agent of the French Intelligence Service was waiting for him outside with a change of civilian clothes. The general wanted only to get out of Germany and to fight again.

While their prisoner, he had firmly refused a conditional liberation offered by the Germans. He would not pledge to stay out of the war. Giraud sought not rest but battle.

The Germans were immensely irritated by the escape. They had guarded badly the most redoubtable of their French hostages. In vain they now offered a reward of 100,000 marks for his capture. If Giraud returned voluntarily to Koenigstein, they announced, seventy thousand Frenchmen would be liberated and he would be freed afterwards on his gentleman's pledge to Hitler not to take up arms again. Giraud demanded 500,000 men in exchange, and refused to see Hitler.

He settled at his sister's home, near Lyons. About a hundred Gestapo agents kept watch over the estate. Yet Giraud, through an intermediary, made contact with Americans, helped to plan the North African operations, eluded Gestapo surveillance and arrived at la Ciotat, near Marseilles, precisely as arranged. There he boarded

a boat, then a British submarine — not without falling into the sea during a difficult transfer — and reached Gibraltar, then Algiers.

The details of his stirring adventures remain to be told when the war is won. But even the surface facts help explain why in France ordinary people say about Giraud, "*C'est un homme*" — "he's a man." They did not wait for these last escapes to say it. Those who knew Giraud during the final French campaign, those who saw him at work in Morocco, those who fought at his side in the First World War, all said, "*C'est un homme.*"

The injection of Admiral Darlan in the North African drama may have been an accident or a last-minute decision. But Giraud was in the picture from the time the first strokes were put on the blank and seemingly hopeless canvas. It was not an improvisation. The United States had selected him deliberately as an ally in the struggle to liberate France and Europe. On him, in large measure, rests the hope of a favorable issue of the first act in that liberation — the African campaign.

The wisdom of the American choice has been questioned by some Americans and some Frenchmen. It is argued that Giraud is "old school" as a military man, and that

politically he is "reactionary," if not actually "fascist." In the heat of the argument the General has been revised and interpreted and equipped with opinions to suit factional purposes. The man himself, his clear-cut career, has been all but forgotten in the excitement.

## II

Giraud is a soldier who never pretended to be anything more. By a kind of predestination he started his military career in Tunisia. Graduated at nineteen from the École de Saint-Cyr (the West Point of France), he was named sub-lieutenant of the Fourth Regiment of Zouaves and spent seven years at Bizerte, Ain-Dram and Tunis. He then took courses at the École de Guerre in Paris, graduating as a captain of the General Staff.

In 1913 Giraud commanded a company in his former regiment in Africa. In 1914 that regiment landed in France and was almost immediately engaged in the disastrous Battle of Charleroi. Giraud's company, the fourteenth, charged with fixed bayonets. The captain fell, his chest pierced by a German bullet. His comrades left him for dead. A lieutenant gathered his sword, his *chechia*, his kit and sent them to the "widow," but Madame

Giraud did not believe her husband dead.

Her instinct was right. Picked up by the Germans on the field of battle and sent behind the lines in an abandoned French ambulance, Captain Giraud recovered and as early as December 21 of that year he and a fellow-prisoner staged an escape. They were recaptured and again confined, but in less than a month both got away once more and reached Saint-Quentin.

For a few weeks Giraud, his wounds still unhealed, and his companion led a fabulous existence. They worked as stable boys and charcoal burners. Crossing into Belgium, they became involved in a circus, where Giraud performed as a juggler. Through a doctor whom he consulted secretly about his wounds, he met Edith Cavell. She arranged passage for the two fugitives into Holland. At the frontier they were fired at and Giraud's companion was seriously hurt. Carrying the wounded man, Giraud cut his way through barbed wire and reached Flushing. From there he went to England and in February 1915 was repatriated from Folkestone.

Decorated by Generalissimo Joffre and cited in an Order of the Army, Giraud set out again for the front. In April 1917, after the fa-



*General Giraud*

mous Battle of the Chemin des Dames, he received a second citation. In May, Captain Giraud was promoted to Major and in July he rejoined the Fourth Zouaves. Three months later his battalion was ordered to seize the Fort of Malmaison, held by the Prussian Guard. Giraud led the charge through a heavy machine-gun barrage. The battalion suffered devastating losses but the survivors captured the fort, taking six hundred prisoners.

The entire regiment, as well as Giraud personally, were cited for bravery. In December Giraud entered the General Staff of the fa-

mous Moroccan division. Twice more, in 1918, he received citations for extraordinary valor. After the Armistice, Marshal Lyautey, a great connoisseur of men, summoned Giraud to Morocco.

In 1922 Major Giraud took an active part in the operations at Marrakech, always in the front lines, winning his sixth citation. Three years later, as Lieutenant-Colonel in command of the Fourteenth Regiment of the North African Tirailleurs, he took part in the memorable campaign of the Riff against Abd-el-Krim, engaging in battle after battle, and adding to his military honors. At the time of Abd-el-Krim's march on Taza, Giraud's thighs were pierced by a bullet. But a few months later he was again in action and it was his regiment which seized Abd-el-Krim, winding up the Riff campaign. His citation, the eighth, read:

Giraud, officer of great military and moral value, who in 1925 won the greatest title to gratitude, assuring the security of threatened Taza and paid with his blood for his magnificent spirit. Gave one more proof of his exceptional qualities of leadership, first by the careful preparation of the ground, then at the head of his magnificent regiment, pushing back the defense lines of the enemy with a strong hand. Giving the foe no rest, brought his battalions to Targuist in the heart of the Riff. In so doing contributed greatly to the collapse of resistance.

Back in France, Colonel Giraud became a professor at the École de Guerre, winning the admiration of students in three years of lectures on infantry. In 1930 he set out once more for Morocco. With General Catroux—who was to join de Gaulle and who now commands the French forces in Syria—Giraud, now a Brigadier General, completed the Algerian-Moroccan military operations which pacified North Africa. He was again wounded, this time in a plane crash, injuring his spine. By 1934, when he was promoted to Division General, Giraud had obtained twelve citations for heroic exploits, had been wounded three times and had been promoted to Grand-Officer in the Legion of Honor.

Two years later he was named Governor of Metz (where Colonel de Gaulle was then in command of a regiment) and in 1938 became a member of the Supreme War Council. At the outbreak of the present war he took command of the Seventh Army, which in 1940 crossed Belgium, heading for Antwerp. After Sedan, as the tides of disaster rolled over his country, Giraud was hastily summoned to lead the Ninth Army on the Meuse, replacing General Corap, but the damage was beyond repair. On May 19, 1940, France learned that General

Giraud, the hope of the French Army, had been taken prisoner in the midst of a tank battle. A Nazi airplane carried him to Tempelhof Airdrome, then to Koenigstein Fortress. The rest of the story is familiar to all.

Such, in brief, is the career of the soldier of whom Marshal Lyautey said: "Look at him well — he is great in everything." If Giraud is of the "old school," it should at least be admitted that it is the generally recognized school of duty, courage, patriotism and honor in the classic tradition — a school of virtue, both military and civic.

### III

General Giraud is not a politician. He has never claimed to be one. If, notwithstanding, he must somehow be fitted into the rainbow of French politics, we must recall the friendship which has paired him for almost half a century with Paul Reynaud, the former Premier whose hatred of Fascism is beyond doubt. In these last years of inflamed political passions in France, this friendship would have been impossible between two men of such temperament unless they felt more or less alike on major questions. Equally well known is the bond of sympathy between Paul Reynaud and

Léon Blum, despite their differences of opinion; both statesmen considered these of secondary importance in the light of the essential issue: the future of civilization itself. Like them, Giraud strongly opposed the Munich agreement, an instance of his independent judgment.

Those in the Army closest to Giraud attest his broad views and his moderation — except in the matter of patriotism, on which he is an extremist. A staunch opponent of demagoguery from the Right as well as the Left, he is a deeply religious man, which in itself would place him at the antipode of Nazism. The case of Giraud is much like that of de Gaulle: within an army whose *cadres* are conservative if not openly reactionary, both are obviously French Rightists, yet open-minded, devoted to tradition and eager, above all else, to serve their country. All this has nothing to do with "fascism." Like everyone else, Giraud has made and will make mistakes, but his motives are never base.

In France, men of liberal or advanced political opinions rarely took up the military career, preferring the academic life, business or the professions. Hence one is not likely to find partisans of the Popular Front in the officer ranks. But

this certainly does not mean that all officers, or even most officers, are fascists.

Some words end by losing their meaning through over-use. "Fascism" long ago ceased to be a definition and became an insult, meaning usually: "You don't agree with me." Thus de Gaulle found himself, to his own amazement, charged with fascism because formerly he was on the whole sympathetic with the political Right and because members of reactionary parties are now among his closest followers. Generals Weygand and de Lattre de Tassigny, who were preparing a military revolt in France against German occupation in the hope of an Allied landing and who are now paying with their liberty for that desperate attempt, have been denounced as fascists. General Noguès, sent to Morocco in 1936 by the Popular Front Premier Léon Blum, is also accused of fascism. Whatever can rightly be held against Noguès, it surely does not make sense that Léon Blum would have appointed a fascist to such a position. Noguès now remains in power thanks to the protection of the Sultan of Morocco. Is the Sultan a fascist or an anti-fascist? Such questions are unrealistic: he is simply a Sultan.

The war cannot be won by artificially complicating it with a civil

war. If there is to be a genuine re-entry of France into the global war on the side of the United Nations, it cannot be done without the entire French Army, Aviation and Navy. In these, the great majority of the personnel adhere in varying degrees to certain traditional French doctrines, ranging from old-fashioned conservatism to active reaction — ideas that pre-date fascism and Nazism by many generations. Collaborationism has not tainted the core of the Army *cadres*, which remain faithful to a tradition which may be obsolete — but one in which intense French patriotism and hostility to Germany are essential ingredients.

Political conservatism in the military leadership of France is a fact to be faced. To the Anglo-Saxon Allies it presents the same kind of problem as does the existence of political or military dictatorships of different types in Poland, Greece, Yugoslavia, Russia and even Latin America. The solution of such internal problems is necessarily postponed until the time when every people will be in a position to express its own wishes.

The French Republic before the war was under attack not only by certain parties of the Right, which were influential in the Army and among the upper classes. For half a



century Marxian socialists had been attacking it as a "bourgeois democracy" which merely camouflaged a capitalist monopoly of power. That is why socialist deputies regularly voted against the budget and until 1936 boycotted the government. Trade unionists and communists took the same hostile attitude. In the ordeal imposed on France by the totalitarian coalition of 1939, the Left failed no less than the Right.

Certainly the people of France will want to found a Fourth Republic in the spirit of another authentic French tradition, that of the Rights of Man, and on a new social and economic base. They will take into account the terrible lessons of recent history. They will not forgive the people who sought to exploit defeat to put over a fake revolution. They will judge with the utmost severity those who played the game of the invader and rallied to the totalitarian camp. But for everything there is a season. The question of this hour for France is to balance accounts with the Axis rather than to settle internal political affairs.

In estimating the American selection of Giraud, it should be recognized that Washington could have made no better choice among French military leaders. No French general of the necessary stature is free from the taint of so-called "fascism" in the corrupted sense of the word. That Giraud's character affords all the required moral guarantees is obvious. In breaking the military stranglehold of the totalitarian Axis we can scarcely count on anti-militarists and conscientious objectors.

General Giraud has only one program: to drive the Germans out of Africa, then out of France. He knows French North Africa and all its complexities. He knows the Spanish zone and the Axis menace lurking there. Finally, he knows the Arab tribes. There would seem to be a remarkable affinity between the man and the job. Political inexperience accounted for by a strictly military career may conceivably lead him into an occasional blunder, but this cannot be helped. He is not responsible for the present confusion.



► *American gullibles again  
flock to phony seances.*

## THE SPIRITUALIST BOOM

BY DOROTHY WALWORTH

**H**ARK to the gabble of ghostly voices! Give ear to the mumbo-jumbo of vapid prophecy. The spirit mediums are in town again — your town and my town — trading on the gullibility of bereaved and lonely souls. Forlorn widows, restless wives, and mothers with boys overseas are the special victims of these catchpenny charlatans who profess to pierce the veil hanging between today and tomorrow, and bring back messages from beyond the grave. Phony as crystal gazers, fortune tellers or turbaned swamis, they are today carrying on their hocus-pocus *under the guise of religion!*

These spiritmongers evade the letter of the law that in many states expressly forbids fortune telling, by calling themselves “ministers of spiritualist churches.” These “churches” glory in such names as “Beacon Light,” “Cosmic Science,” “Spiritualist Church of River Styx,” “First Church of Silent Demand” and “Shrine of the Little White Lily.” Few of these churches have anything in common

with the traditional house of worship. Some of them are hotel rooms or offices in business buildings. The great majority, however, are down side streets in the stuffy parlor of the medium’s apartment. The decorations are usually a diploma attesting that the medium has been “ordained,” an Egyptian serpent, some “spirit” photographs, or perhaps the bust of an American Indian, highly prized as a “spirit guide.” In surroundings such as these, a successful “minister” will prophesy for five hours steadily at his daily “message services,” bringing spirit tidings to as many as 1000 anxious souls a week — at 50 cents a soul.

Male mediums, with suave manner, fruity voices, and sometimes excellent toupees, are in the minority. Most “ministers” are frowsy females who are not convincingly spiritual in appearance. Men mediums usually have a better sense of the dramatic; often they sit with closed eyes before the meeting begins — opening one eye occasionally to count the house. One of the

most sought-after seers performs on a stage with red curtains and black torches. Women mediums, however, while the audience is gathering, are apt to chat cozily about hats, axe murders, or the way they like cucumbers but cucumbers don't like them.

I visited scores of these churches; the rigmarole is always the same. As you enter the church you are given pad and pencil with which to write three questions; these, marked with your initials, are gathered in a basket along with your "contribution," customarily 50 cents. The medium usually announces that he is only a vessel through whom the spirits speak, then adds, cannily, that if there is any failure in communications it's your fault, not his. If you have come to him in a mood of disbelief, you will, of course, receive worthless messages.

Religious atmosphere may be provided by an organ or victrola playing *Beautiful Isle of Somewhere*. Then the spiritual master-minding begins. Before answering your question, the medium may ask that you give him some personal article to hold, such as jewelry or eyeglasses. From these even a stupid medium can summon up quite a few ideas about the owners. Holding an old-fashioned wedding ring, a medium may shudder all

over with great psychic effort and finally mumble: "I see love around this ring. I see . . . a family."

Mediums deliver their messages in studiously ambiguous language which can be interpreted any way the hearer wishes. You learn, for example, that you are "contemplating a change," that you are "involved with money," or "digressing into a new phase of expression." Sometimes you are "on a threshold" or "behind a locked door." When in a tight spot the medium will say "you are being motivated in circles," which he rightly figures you can't dispute. If you visit a medium more than once you will notice his little stock of set phrases and obscure predictions which he uses again and again.

Mediums take advantage of the fact that most of those who seek them are in trouble. Indeed, the sight of a happy person always unnerves them. Once, when I was feeling especially at peace with the world, a medium told me, "You are just about at the end of your rope. Day after day you wonder how you can drag yourself around. But never fear. A man named Tom with bone-rimmed glasses in the spirit world will pull you through."

Since most questions are about employment, love or health, the ghostly seer adopts a kindly, prac-

tical attitude, solving all problems, like an occult Beatrice Fairfax, with a sort of spectral common sense. I heard one medium say to a pale, tense young woman, "You are worried about a job; your loved ones in the spirit world tell you to go to a good employment agency."

## II

Naturally, many questions are asked about the war. This disturbance, mediums freely predict, will be over sometime in 1943, '44, '45 or '46. They will not tell you, however, where your soldier boy is right now, because that would be giving away "military information." Invariably they prophesy that he will return "as you want him to return." This permits the customers to have their fighting men come back as be-medaled heroes, brigadier generals, top sergeants, romantically wounded, or just all in one piece.

When questions concern health, the medium's advice is to "relax," "don't worry," "take a little lemon juice every morning," or, better yet, "change doctors." On my third visit one medium told me solemnly: "The trouble with you is your blood pressure *flusterates*—high today, low tomorrow. Years ago, good blood flew in your veins,

but now it's foaming and bubbling." It so happened that on that very day my doctor had said my blood pressure was remarkably steady.

Concerning *l'amour*, the tone of the spirit venders is cheery. The erring husband will always return "after he gets that woman out of his system"; the wayward wife will resume her nuptial duties "as soon as she has gathered a few more primroses." One medium of metaphysical bent advises: "Every time you are faced with a heart problem, sit down and think of space." Mediums are strong for the conventions; they usually tell the youthful members of their audience: "Don't go out with a man whose mind is vibrating on the physical." Or, "Don't be the pair of scissors that cuts a man from his wife."

Questioners seem to get great comfort out of messages from their loved ones, even though such messages are vaguely worded. Many times I have seen the bereaved burst into tears over messages like: "My beloved daughter, I am happy here." Or, "Sister, I think of you." Or, "Don't mourn for me, dear wife. I am always at your side." Women seeking to hear from their children are the most tragic, and unfortunately the most easily deceived. There are bereaved moth-

ers who will pay 50 cents regularly for any scrap of garbled "message" from a dead child.

Shocking to the point of indecency is the triviality of most messages. I visited one medium who told me: "I see your father coming toward you. In one hand he carries some violets; in the other he has a wreath of immortalities (immortelles). He is saying, 'You done good, my daughter' " — a phrase which that grammatical precisian would have died a thousand deaths rather than utter. I have heard alleged loved ones, racing in from Infinity for a supreme moment of communication, warn their sorrowing relatives: "Watch out for the things on your fire escape." Or, "Empty your wastebasket." One medium explained this triviality to me by saying that "ignorant people attract ignorant spirits."

Breathtakingly you are told that you're going to meet a "tall dark man," "receive an important telephone call," or "take a trip across water." If the medium is really in the groove, you may learn that your Aunt Agatha, who "passed over" forty years ago, is spending her eternity looking out for your welfare.

When the medium reads your questions you are supposed to raise your hand. The eyes of the whole

audience are riveted upon you. In giving you the message the medium usually says: "Is that true?" Or, "Can you identify that spirit?" The crowd has a hostile attitude toward anyone who doubts the medium. Many customers, rather than endure that hostility, meekly nod their heads and accept everything. Others, made of sterner stuff, say they can't identify a spirit who is slightly bald with weak kidneys. At this point some mediums pass nimbly to another message, but others stick to their guns until the browbeaten hearer says the message is true.

I saw one medium argue with a woman for a quarter of an hour, insisting that her mother "in spirit" was short and plump, while the woman remembered her mother as tall and thin. Finally the woman, in desperation, admitted her mother might have been short and plump "at one time in her life."

### III

Public "message services" are not the mediums' only source of revenue: more expensive "private readings" augment the profits. One well-known medium will, for a fee, receive "spirit telegrams" from your loved ones during his daily "hour of concentration." Other

mediums profess to be in touch with spirits who will cure your physical ailments by long distance; all you have to do is send a list of your symptoms.

A large part of the "minister's" income is derived from the so-called "development" classes in which one can learn to be a medium in ten easy lessons at \$1 apiece. However, if one seems to have money, he may find that his "development" takes longer. In these classes the medium throws himself into a trance, makes tables skitter about the room, or causes voices to come out of trumpets apparently unsupported in the air. The machinery behind these effects has been exposed a thousand times; it is familiar to all but the most naïve.

But floating trumpets are only the appetizers. In one development class which I attended, the medium told us to imagine that we had corkscrews growing out of the tops of our heads, "higher than the Empire State Building." At its quivering apex we would find our message from the spirit world. We could imagine as many corkscrews as we liked, but we must be sure to visualize one sprouting from the exact center of the cranium, because it was the "seat of the pineal gland," a throwback to the medieval belief that this gland contained the

human soul. The medium also said, "Relax. Don't strain with your corkscrews or you will cut off your vibrations."

When we had spiraled to dizzy heights, the room was darkened, we sang *Rockabye Baby*, the medium went into a trance, and the class was taken over by spirit teachers named "Rosebud" and "Master Higgins." They told us to visualize a little white dog running along the road, and ask ourselves where he was going. Every member of the class had a different idea about the dog, but the teachers did not tell us the right answer. They simply said that we were "growing and thickening." "Master Higgins" also gave personal messages to the group, congratulating one member on the successful cocktail party she had just given. She answered that she could never have done it without him.

Some mediums know they are out-and-out fakes and have a cynical attitude toward "the suckers" who consult them. Others admit faking most of the time, when they are "out of touch" or "under hostile influences." A few really gifted practitioners believe they hear and see the supernatural; undoubtedly on occasion they *do* receive impressions that cannot be explained by ordinary means. But their psychic

powers, unpredictable and uncertain, are no basis for any religious faith and are of dubious value in directing other people how to run their lives.

Although many brilliant minds have been, are, and always will be interested in psychic phenomena, I have discovered that people who habitually consult mediums are for the most part below average intelligence and emotionally undeveloped. Addiction to this form of

psychic dependence causes them to flee normal reality and dwell upon the morbid and unhealthy. They are the lonely ones, the bereft, longing for companionship, confused, immature, and so eager for belief that they twist vague and stupid messages to suit their own unsatisfied hopes and dreams. And every day of the week in thousands of spirit-medium "churches" throughout the land, they ask for bread and are given a stone.



*"I wonder how one goes about setting up a decadent democracy?"*

# UNDERSTANDING MAHATMA GANDHI

BY T. A. RAMAN

Author of *What Does Gandhi Want?*

I SPENT Pearl Harbor day and the day after in Mahatma Gandhi's hermitage at Wardha, and tried hard to get from him a categorical condemnation of that deed of infamy. I failed. A few days later, instead of condemning Japan, he deplored America's entry into the war, and still later, on May 18, 1942, he pointed the finger of blame at this country, when he said, "The opinion forces itself on me that America could have kept out. Even now she can do so if she can divest herself of the intoxication which her immense wealth has produced."

The preceding February he had offered similar counsel to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, nearly five years after Japan had invaded China. In a four and a half hours' interview with the Generalissimo the Mahatma defended his faith in non-violence, insisting that it could be pitted successfully against a Japanese invasion. He told the Chinese leader that he opposed the scorched earth policy and that he saw no

bravery in what China and Russia had done in this respect.

Such opinions have naturally caused a great deal of bewilderment abroad. Many former admirers of the Mahatma have now given him up as incomprehensible — and worse. Some have rushed to the conclusion that he is sympathetic towards the totalitarians, or at least not sympathetic enough towards the peoples who are fighting Axis aggression. Such hasty conclusions do grave injustice to one of the truly great men of our times. They only add another element of confusion and misunderstanding to the appallingly complicated Indian problem, at a time when the need for clarity is greater than ever. An understanding of Gandhi and his place in his country is the key to India's complex politics.

Gandhi is not irresponsible and he is not a charlatan. On the contrary, he is one of the most consistent leaders in all recent history. Some of his views may be unacceptable, but his sincerity is beyond



reproach. Attitudes which seem contradictory if not actually dishonest to Western minds usually become clear when one views them without prejudice within the pattern of his philosophy.

Do the Mahatma's opinions reflect the majority opinion of the Indian people? They do not. Only about 10 per cent of his countrymen, I would estimate, think as he does. Do his opinions reflect the majority opinion of his own Congress Party? Again one must say no. Only two of the twelve members of the Party's Working Committee see eye to eye with him. Nevertheless, his influence today is as great as ever among all classes, and it would be most dangerous for the United Nations to think otherwise.

Gandhi is the most complete personification of the Indian concept of the saintly man, and they will follow him to the end, *whether they agree with him or not*. In the last resort it is Gandhi's influence that prevails in the divided counsels of the Congress Party, the largest in the country, even when his views are distinctly in the minority. Leaders who disagree with his ideology eventually discover their own arguments for supporting his conclusions. They would rather be wrong with Gandhi than right with anyone else.

## II

Gandhi is not pro-Axis. He is only anti-war, thoroughly and unflinchingly so, and his chief aim is to keep his country from joining either side in the world conflict. Examined from this point of view, his record is consistent. Early in 1939 Gandhi counselled a delegation of Chinese missionaries not to try to judge between Japan and China, to pray only that the right may prevail, and to strive for friend and foe alike. He did not approve even an economic boycott of Japanese goods in India. Later, when war clouds gathered rapidly over Europe, he wrote a letter to Hitler, pleading with him to avoid a war "which may reduce humanity to the savage state." He had previously said that "even though Hitler's heart is harder than stone, it would melt before a sufficiency of non-violent heat."

He broke into tears at the thought of the destruction to come when, a day after the outbreak of World War II, he met the Viceroy of India. He emphasized, however, that any support he gave would be purely moral. "I wish England well," he said, "but I would not care to erect the freedom of my country on the remains of despoiled Germany." He wanted it to be

clearly understood that his sympathy "should not be interpreted to mean the endorsement of the doctrine of the sword for the defence even of proved right." He declared that his Congress Party was based on non-violence and could never give active support to the war. On September 25, 1939, he said, "My guidance would be for the deliberate purpose of taking either the Congress Party or the Government or both along the path of non-violence, be the steps ever so imperceptible."

When France fell, Gandhi, true to his pacifist convictions, praised Marshal Pétain's "heroism" in capitulating the way he did. "The bravery of the French soldier," he wrote, "is world-known, but let the world know also the greater bravery of the French statesman in suing for peace." He was now convinced that "God has made me the instrument for showing the better way." Through the Viceroy he conveyed the following message to the British War Cabinet:

Lay down your arms, for they are useless for saving you or humanity. . . . You will invite Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini to take what they want of the countries you call your possessions. Let them take possession of your beautiful island with your many beautiful buildings. If these gentlemen choose to occupy your homes, you will vacate them. If they do not give you free pas-

sage out, you will allow yourself, man, woman and child, to be slaughtered, but you will refuse to owe allegiance to them.

As I have said, Gandhi did not condemn Japan for its attack on Pearl Harbor. Later he objected to the admission of American troops into India, because "it amounts in the end to American influence, if not American rule, being added to the British." He objected to them not because they were American, but because they were foreign. He was no less opposed to the admission of Chinese and British troops, and he appealed to the Viceroy "to remove these foreign legions and henceforth stop their further introduction because it is harmful to India's interest and dangerous to the cause of India's freedom to introduce foreign soldiers in India."

On May 1, 1942, he made the statement that has probably puzzled his Occidental admirers the most, to wit, that if India were freed he would immediately open peace negotiations between his country and Japan. Later he amplified this statement by saying that he meant to negotiate with Japan for the purpose of freeing China, and that he offered to go himself to attempt the miracle. About the same time he said that if the British left India, the Japanese

probably would not invade, and that if they did invade, non-violent non-cooperation would somehow stop them: "God will bless the general of a non-violent army with the necessary resourcefulness to meet situations as they arise." All this may make little sense to Anglo-Saxon ears, but to leap from this befuddlement to the belief that Gandhi is a "fascist" makes even less sense. He is far too simple and too great to be suspected of having clandestine dealings with the Axis powers. He loathes everything they stand for as much as Churchill and Roosevelt do. Their state-worship, their exaltation of brute force, their racial theories violate his deepest convictions. "I would rather be shot than surrender to the Japanese if they invade India," he told a British correspondent. Gandhi's pacifism is not limited to the British or the Americans or the Chinese; it embraces all powers at all times and everywhere. He is that rarest of all men: he completely believes in, and acts upon, his philosophy.

### III

Only a small fraction of the one million members of the Congress Party shares Gandhi's faith in absolute non-resistance. Among the ten members of the Congress's Work-



*Gandhi*

ing Committee who do not share his views is Jawaharlal Nehru, ardent anti-Nazi and anti-Japanese. Does this mean that Gandhi's power is a myth?

Far from it. His sway over the four hundred million Indians is probably the most potent fact in that unhappy country's entire history. He and he alone has a genuine mass influence. The Nehrus and Patels, the Prasads and the Rajagopalacharis are respected by perhaps one-tenth of the population. The other nine-tenths have probably not even heard of them or of the Congress Party. But all of them have heard of and revere Mahatma Gandhi. Peasants wait long hours at wayside stations just to see his train hurtle by. In millions of cottages the only decoration is a pic-

ture of the Mahatma, garlanded every festive day. When the masses go to the polls, they do not vote on issues; they only seek to reaffirm their confidence in the saintly person of Gandhi.

Throughout the ages India has venerated the saint, the austere, the self-renouncing. India puts the priest and the ascetic on a higher social level than the king or the soldier. Witness the fact that the one Viceroy deeply respected in recent times was Lord Halifax, mainly because he was known to be profoundly sincere and deeply religious. The one Indian prince who was honored all over India was the late Maharajah of Mysore, not because of the great things he did for his people, but because of the saintliness of his personal life. Gandhi, loin-cloth and all, conforms truly to the type of India's national hero, and his appeal does not depend upon the wisdom of his policies. There we have the explanation of his amazing hold on the masses.

This reverence for the saint decreases as we go up the ladder of education. But the educated classes are under another debt to Gandhi. When he first entered Indian politics these same classes had been agitating for political reforms for about twenty years, and all they could show were few and petty im-

provements. They passed resolutions and the British government seldom listened. Armed revolt was out of the question. There were no arms, but even if there were it would have been risky to use them in a bewilderingly heterogeneous country such as India, with its many social fissures and religious cleavages. Then Gandhi came along with his methods of moral coercion. You need not buy British goods, he pointed out, and then, stage by stage, he elaborated his moral sanctions. Frustration yielded to a new confidence, and thus Gandhi gave the nationalistic movement its pride and strength of character. What greater gift could any man make to his people?

The various civil disobedience movements followed. In immediate political result they were all failures. They petered out and were suspended by Gandhi himself. Yet he was not discredited, because each movement had served to dramatize the struggle for national freedom, each had expanded the horizon of the country's political consciousness. In India suffering for a good cause is not and never will be ridiculed simply because it does not succeed. The goodness of the man and the purity of the motive are what count. Failure is forgotten and even glorified.

Gandhi, even with his long ears, his loin-cloth and his goat's milk, advertised India's cause abroad as nothing else ever did. In Marseilles, in Paris, and in London the crowds which besieged his car were as large as in Bombay or Calcutta. A compatriot of mine who volunteered as a doctor for the Republican Army in Spain tells the following tale. His comrades asked him what country he came from. He said India. The name meant very little to them. Then he said Hindustan, which conveyed even less to them. Then a soldier asked, "Gandhi?" My friend said yes, and immediately there arose a shout, "Viva Gandhi!"

The Mahatma's saintliness does not prevent him from exercising strict control over the running of the Congress Party. Though he is not even a formal member of the party, he has a deciding voice in all its major actions. The President of the Congress for the year is elected by the members of the various provincial Congress Committees, and the President nominates his own Working Committee. In 1937 Subash Chandra Bose (who is now in Berlin, being groomed as an Indian Quisling) was elected President. He had won over another candidate, not nearly so well-known, whom Gandhi favored though he had not expressed his

preference very clearly. Bose interpreted his election as a vote against Gandhi and at once proceeded to form his own Working Committee. Whereupon Gandhi, by a series of delicate moves, made the next plenary session of the Congress pass a resolution instructing the new President to choose his committee on the "advice" of the Mahatma. Bose sought his "advice" only to be told that Gandhi would not advise him, with the result that Bose had to resign his office. The Congress Committee chose the present President, a respected but docile Muslim, the Mahatma chose the Working Committee for him, and there has been no election since. This is the committee, nominated by Gandhi before the war, which rejected by a majority vote the Cripps proposals and then followed Gandhi into civil disobedience. What Bose learned by bitter experience, Nehru, Prasad and the others have known for years. Opposition to Gandhi just doesn't work.

Twice recently, in July 1940 and January 1942, Gandhi "resigned" from party leadership. If the Congress was intimidated by these gestures, the British government was even more so. Three weeks after the first "resignation," it promised a constitution after the war; shortly

after the second "resignation" came the Cripps offer.

The failure of the Cripps mission left India disappointed, but not embittered. Despite the efforts of the Congress leaders to make much of the detailed differences, a great leader of the party, Mr. Rajagopalachari, resigned, and his appeal for a new policy which would lead to a workable arrangement with the Mohammedans and the British, found wide support. The Communist Party, the Trade Union Congress and the All-India Kisan Sabhas passed resolutions of unconditional support of the war. The country appeared to be swinging from Gandhian non-violent non-cooperation to violent cooperation, on the best possible wartime compromise. But Gandhi had some trumps up his sleeve yet.

He let loose violent anti-war propaganda, talked the Working Committee into demanding full independence at once — with control of foreign policy and without previous agreement with the other powerful elements in the country — and then plunged the country into mass civil disobedience. Inevitably, arrests and shootings followed. In the resulting wave of mass emotion, all constructive efforts were swept away.

To all this, the Mahatma has added another characteristic postscript. The civil disobedience movement petered out more quickly than his previous campaigns. Gandhi then went on a three weeks' hunger-strike, seeking unconditional release. As this article goes to press, the strike is in its last days. It seems likely that the seventy-three year old leader will survive the ordeal.

His death would be disastrous for India, from the long-range point of view, because the country will need his statesmanship and especially his overwhelming influence on other leaders in the strenuous years ahead.

Gandhi's long and consistent record establishes his complete command of his party and the inflexible strength of his pacifist faith. He may permit the other leaders to negotiate a workable compromise with Britain and allow them to participate in a government wholeheartedly prosecuting the war. But that permission is necessary, for without Gandhi's blessing the other leaders simply cannot carry the party with them and deliver the goods. His hold on the people does not depend on what he does but on what he is, a great soul or Mahatma.

# THE GENTLE RAIN

## *A Story*

BY JOHN D. WEAVER

THE little girl rubbed the knuckles of her right hand into her eyes, swollen and inflamed from crying. One side of her face was streaked; she'd fallen down at recess and got the left cheek dirty, and then when she ran home crying, the dust of the schoolyard made a webbed pattern. Her mother gave her the peaked end of a long loaf of bread to chew on.

"It don't matter what they say," the mother said, sitting down back of the ironing board, wiping her dark sweating face with a man's white handkerchief. She couldn't stand on her feet long in this hot weather, especially since her operation. (Now it was all over she'd have to write and tell Tony about the operation.)

The little girl widened her mouth, clawing the crust with her back teeth. "Could I have the fifteen cents *tomorrow*?"

"Mama ain't got fifteen cents." Mrs. Carlatti raised her arms like an overfat hen and picked her dress

from her armpits where the sweat had pasted it. "I'd give it to you if I had it."

"But I *gotta* have it," the little girl whined, twisting her body first to the right, then to the left, pivoting on one foot. "Tomorrow's the last day of War Stamp Week, and if I don't have my fifteen cents, Miss Bolton won't give our home room a gold star."

"You tell 'em I been to the hospital for a kidney operation," Mrs. Carlatti said. "You tell 'em I got medicine to buy." She ran the back of her forearm over her face. Through the V of her elbow she could see the O'Hara boy playing catch with Milt Finney in the brick alley below. "An' you tell 'em if meat'n milk'n potatoes keep goin' up, poor people'll all starve to death while their men're out fightin' for their country."

Dark slate-colored clouds had hung all day over the brick alley, but there was no coolness in the clouds; they seemed only to make

the heat stickier. Mrs. Carlatti choked on the stale kitchen air, steamy with freshly-ironed clothes. *Sometimes it's almost more than a woman can stand.* All week her clothes had stuck to her like tamale wrappings. *And this only May.*

The little girl spread oleomargarine on her hunk of crust. "Tastes like lard," she said.

"You oughta be thankful," Mrs. Carlatti said, fanning herself with the Ice Today card, her eyes on the baseball rocketing back and forth the length of the narrow brick canyon. The ball had a torn seam, and when the boys threw it, the flap fluttered like a broken wing. The O'Hara boy tried to paste the flap down with spit. He cussed. *And his brother a priest.*

"Mama." The little girl was seeing how far behind her back she could reach her right hand. "Mama, could I take the big picture of daddy's boat to school. Could I, mama?"

"I dunno."

"And the picture of daddy in his sailor suit?"

"It ain't a sailor suit."

"What is it, then?"

"It's a uniform — seaman, first class."

The little girl finished the crust. She sat down on a cane-bottom kitchen chair, and began to rub

her fingers into her eyes. She was working up another fit of crying. "They'll call me names again."

"Names never hurt nobody."

"They'll call me Wop."

"You tell 'em you're third generation, an' your old man's in the United States Navy."

The little girl was staring at her bare toes; she wriggled them, wondering what would happen if her toes came alive and crawled away from her feet.

Rain began to drip slowly from the sullen sky, so slowly that Mrs. Carlatti couldn't see it fall; she could see only the scattered dots freckling the brick alley. She fanned the ice card down the bosom of her dress. A swirl of air blew the quickening drizzle against the square window she'd been fixing to wash for so long (there was just too much for one pair of hands, and her making the Wednesday night novena for Tony). She could see the rain now. She'd like to lie flat on the bricks and let the rain cover her. *Now wouldn't that be a sight.* Milt Finney and the O'Hara boy ducked under the gray kitchen porch of the O'Hara's first floor flat. Milt brought out cigarettes. *Goin' to be tough ones, them two.*

"Mama?" The little girl tugged at her nose; Rachel Roseman said that would make it straight and



pretty. "Mama, does daddy shoot people?"

"I dunno." Mrs. Carlatti reached out to touch the window pane. She wanted to feel something cool. "He does what the Navy tells him."

"Does he shoot Italian people?"

"I dunno." *The child and her questions.* "Maybe the bad ones."

The little girl touched her nose softly; it was beginning to hurt. Anyway, pulling hadn't helped Rachel's nose. The little girl smiled to herself. It was better being a Wop than a Kike, a Jew-baby. The Wops didn't kill Christ.

"Why don't daddy shoot the Jews, mama?"

"Don't be alla time askin' mama questions. I got a headache."

## II

Mrs. Carlatti scrunched her chair still closer to the rain-streaked window, leaning to one side so she could see the oblong of gray light where the alley ran into the street. She could see familiar figures scurrying into the oblong, then disappearing, like the people in the turning pages of a picture book. Mrs. Roseman holding a copy of the *Chronicle* over her sack of potatoes (they spoiled quickly in the hot weather, especially if they got

wet), and Mr. Buckner coming home from work with a paper stuck in his coat pocket, and the oldest Phelps girl carrying her baby sheltered under her left shoulder (the babies all had fretted so in the heat).

It was a nice street, now they'd been there long enough to get acquainted. There'd been a little trouble at first, of course, and Tony had had a couple of fights. The street had been mostly Irish until they'd moved in, and the Irish hadn't liked it, said they'd always kept the street free of foreigners — as if second and third generation was foreigners. But then the Rosemans and the Appelbaums had moved in, and the Irish forgot the Carlattis; they were too busy cussing the Jews. For a while, the Irish kids used to holler things when Mrs. Carlatti went to the store (Mrs. Spaghetti, they'd call her), but Tony had shown 'em something, them kids. There was a couple alley rats hadn't sat down hard from Thanksgiving to Christmas.

"You know what, mama?" The little girl stood up straight, with flattened shoulders, just like her teacher had told her to do if she wanted to grow tall, and someday she'd grow so tall she'd bump against the ceiling. "We got a boy

in our school now that come over from Germany, and he can't hardly speak good English."

"Well, whatta you know." *Must be the new family across from the Buckners.* (Mrs. Carlatti had watched them move in, sat in the front room all that morning, shelling peas.)

"His name is Paul." The little girl frowned. "I always thought that was a 'Mercan name."

"A name's a name."

"Mama, can a boy be a German and a Jew-boy, too? All at the same time?"

Mrs. Carlatti nodded. The little girl dropped comfortably back in her chair. She was tired of growing tall.

They didn't have trouble on the street any more, not much, anyway. The Farrells had been the worst ones, and after they'd moved away, people didn't seem to make so much fuss over whether you were a foreigner or not. The Rosemans moved into the Farrells' house, and Mrs. Roseman's grandfather sat all day on the porch in his black skullcap, reading a big Jewish book. Oh, once in a while, the kids acted up, maybe three or four of 'em would jump a Jewish boy, or the girls would scream names at an Italian girl running an errand for her mother. But nobody

got hurt nowadays, least not much.

"You know what Paul said, mama? He said the Germans killed his father with sticks. Beat him over the head." The little girl twisted her legs; she was going to be like a rope. "Would they do that, mama?"

"I wouldn't put it past 'em."

"Does daddy kill people that way?"

"No. Course he don't." *Where did the child get such ideas?*

The little girl crossed to the window. She could hear the rain puddling in the cracks of the alley. The rain was falling now in slanting lines, regularly spaced, and the people in the darkening gray oblong held newspapers over their heads, or half-ran beneath black umbrellas. Mrs. Carlatti opened the window part-way; the window was set so deeply in the brick wall of the apartment house the rain didn't cut into the room. The little girl stuck her hand out to feel the rain; it peppered her hand with a light stinging. Mrs. Carlatti sucked in the cool air. *Revived a body, the rain did.*

"Do they have war even when it rains, mama?"

"I dunno." (There was so much she didn't know about it, so much she was afraid to know, and even if Father Duffield did say it would

take the whole German Army to do anything to Tony, she couldn't help worrying, and sometimes she wondered what was the sense of it all, the men leaving their women, coming home dead or half shot away, and the prices going up and up until it was all your life was worth to mix a salad even — who ever heard of spring onions five cents a bunch, and hardly a half-dozen to a bunch.)

"Why do they have wars so far away, mama?" The little girl wrote her name, M-A-R-Y, on the window pane. "Why don't they have the wars here?"

"They have 'em wherever they start, that's all."

### III

She'd die if Tony didn't come back, she'd want to die. She could never take another man, not after fifteen years with Tony. *It ain't even decent to think about living with another man. And what good's a woman by herself, a woman and a little girl growing old together, what good are they?* She'd tried to hold Tony back, but there was no stopping him, not after the Japs did what they did. (She'd been wrapping Christmas presents that Sunday; she'd gone to early Mass.) All the time after the war started, Tony

would turn the radio from one news broadcast to another, until it'd make a person sick to hear the awful things people were doing. She'd held Tony till Christmas. Next day he signed up. And she'd given him a big leather chair for Christmas.

"There's Paul, mama, the German boy." The little girl pointed to a long-legged boy with thin arms that swung limply from his shoulders. "Are all German boys that skinny, mama?"

The boy's face was sharp and white, like an old skull, and he walked with a heavy slowness, as though he had no place in particular to go. The O'Hara boy ambled across the dark alley, his mother's clothesline wrapped around his hand. Milt Finney held the other end of the line, which stretched flat across the alley floor. When the German boy shuffled up to the line, it suddenly snapped up knee-high, and spilled him on the rust-colored bricks. He lay for a moment, stunned, then he crawled to his feet, brushed off his too-short pants and hobbled on down the alley. The O'Hara boy made gibberish sounds with his mouth, mimicking the German boy's funny way of talking. Mrs. Carlatti caught the word Jew.

Mrs. Carlatti drew herself up

achingly, and limped back to her ironing board. She felt better now. The rain and the fresh smells in the kitchen, smelled just like outdoors now.

"When you say you need the money?" she said. "The stamp money?"

"Tomorrow."

Mrs. Carlatti shrugged. They said it would help win the war sooner if everybody bought stamps. She wanted the war to end quick. Before they hurt Tony.

"You go feel under mama's hot-water bottle," Mrs. Carlatti said, "an' you'll find an old Easter Sunday envelope, an' inside is a dime'n a nickel. I was gon' light a candle to Saint Anthony for Tony, but you take it." *Saint Anthony will understand.*

Now that the rain had washed away the heat and the dust, she could get back to her work. *The way it piles up if I even stop for a minute.* She pointed the iron expertly around a white button on one of the little girl's undershirts. She still heard the word Jew in her head, and she couldn't stop thinking of the skinny boy falling flat on the wet bricks.

"It was three nickels in the envelope," the little girl said, coming back to the kitchen, the coins in her hand.

"I thought it was a dime'n a nickel."

"No, three nickels."

Mrs. Carlatti laid the pressed undershirt on the ironed pile. She hesitated, staring at the little girl. Her eyes and her hair were black as Tony's; she was third generation, but a blind man could tell she was Italian.

"What's the matter, mama?" The little girl shrank against the stove, frightened. Her mother looked at her so hard.

"Nothin'. I was just thinkin'." She drew a little flowered cotton dress over the rounded end of the ironing board. "With all the terrible things happenin', you just can't help thinkin' sometimes."

The rain shifted abruptly, pattering softly against the kitchen window. The little girl ran across the room and shut the window.

"You can't come in," the little girl said, as though she were talking to a puppy.

Mrs. Carlatti hung the flowered dress on a metal hanger and gave it to the little girl to put away in her closet. She could hear the closet door open, then the faint rustle of clothes as the little girl fitted her dress in place. The rain scratched like hungry pigeons on the tin guttering above. Suddenly Mrs. Carlatti saw the little girl running

down a brick alley in a strange, far-off place, and the little girl was crying; then somebody tripped her. And she fell on the rough bricks.

When the little girl came back to the kitchen, Mrs. Carlatti was standing beside the window, her ripe-olive eyes on the streaking rain. The bricks looked new and shiny in the rain.

"I'm gon' fix a veal loaf sandwich tomorrow," Mrs. Carlatti said. "You take it to the German boy."

"But he's a Jew."

"I don't care what he is. He's skinny."

Mrs. Carlatti opened the window to the rain. It was washing things clean again, the way they ought to be.



## IF I SHOULD DIE TOMORROW

BY KAYE STARBIRD

IF I should die tomorrow which I might  
Even with spring so new and the wind blowing  
Flowers up from the earth and the great white  
Clouds piled over the mountains; even knowing  
That I should die and all the things we share  
Be stricken from my careful grasp forever  
Stars and gold sunlight warm upon the hair,  
Your smile and the moon dancing in the river;  
If I should die tomorrow, do not weep,  
For I could never rest hearing your sorrow.  
Deeper than love of life, my love is deep  
For you. And if my life should end tomorrow . . .  
Bravely I'd close my days, however few,  
Knowing I left the best of them with you.

# When *peacetime dollars* *go to war*

**I**N PEACE OR WAR, life insurance dollars are *security* dollars... but *security* has different meanings.

In peacetime, security means freedom from worry... protection of your loved ones against the loss of their breadwinner... education for your children... retirement in your own old age... and those standards of living which are synonymous with America at peace. Helping to

guarantee those standards is the peacetime job of life insurance.

But in wartime, *security* takes on a more fundamental meaning. It becomes the difference between freedom and slavery—for it means the security of our nation itself against foreign domination. Without this security, other kinds of security are meaningless.

So, in wartime, the peacetime dol-

lars of life insurance become war dollars. Invested in Government Bonds, they help to buy planes, tanks, ships, guns—all the weapons we need to keep this nation free.

In the words of the Hon. Marriner S. Eccles, Chairman of the Federal Reserve System: "Insurance companies are large investors in Government Securities so that the bulk of savings put into the insurance companies in the form of premiums thus helps in financing the war. Accordingly, I feel that, next to the purchase of Government savings and War Bonds and Stamps by the public, investment in life insurance is particularly to be encouraged at this time."

Other life insurance dollars, in-

vested in American industry and agriculture, continue to work in war just as they worked in peace, to help finance transportation, the production of power, steel, chemicals, oil, food, and other materials now more essential than ever.

Thus in war, life insurance dollars assume the added responsibility of safeguarding the security of the nation, at the same time continuing to guarantee the *security* of your home and family.

Since Pearl Harbor, the life insurance companies of America have invested nearly \$3,000,000,000 in United States Government Bonds. In this same period, Metropolitan has purchased about \$540,000,000 of United States Government Bonds.

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► *The truth behind the  
rising birth rates.*

## BABIES: QUANTITY OR QUALITY?

BY MILDRED GILMAN

OUR 1942 baby crop, the Census Bureau estimates, reached an all-time high of three million, against 2,715,000 in 1941 and the previous record of 2,950,000 in 1920. Not all this impressive rise can be attributed to the war, because the American birth rate has been rising steadily since 1933. It is now 22.9 per thousand, topping Germany's boasted all-time high, in 1939 and 1940, which by doubtful Nazi count was 20.4.

Since then Germany's birth rate has declined considerably and must continue to do so because of the country's tremendous loss of manpower in Russia and on other fronts. Moreover, the German rise in births was due in large part to artificial stimulants such as marriage loans, birth propaganda, high bachelor taxes, encouragement of illegitimacy, medals and bonuses for prolific parents. But America's birth rate has climbed without any such outside driving forces.

These facts have evoked a good deal of uncritical self-congratulation in our country. Here is a

sample: According to the *United States News* of December 4, 1942, our high birth rate figures

indicate that the United States is not a declining nation, like some of the Old World countries where birth rates have been on the downgrade for years. They mean that the United States is still young and growing, that its population probably will continue to grow if the postwar years are years of prosperity and great employment. They mean that more schools will be needed, that industry will have to expand to meet the demands of a growing nation. They mean a revision of estimates by those who predicted that, once the population reached 140,000,000, the country would begin to go downhill. They mean that America has not lost its virility.

Unfortunately, those who celebrate the new virility do not often pause to analyze what lies behind the soaring figures. Had they bothered to investigate the quality of the baby crop their enthusiasm might be somewhat muted. After all, there is more to a birth rate than mere numbers. For one thing, there is the worrisome factor known to population specialists as the "differential." The American



differential is far from good and, what is more, it is getting worse, not better.

In less scientific terms, too many subnormal people, too many "borderline" cases, are breeding too high a proportion of our infants. These children born with a low mental heritage and subjected to inferior environments—to parents who lack the psychological and economic stability to raise children properly—are filling our asylums, juvenile courts and hospitals throughout the land. The feeble-minded constitute 2 to 3 per cent of the American population, 27 per cent of our prison inmates. Of the borderline and dull individuals the proportion in general is 18 per cent, and in prisons 53 per cent.

Before shouting hurrah for birth statistics, patriots might ponder the findings of a study conducted at the University of Chicago in recent years. It showed that unless conditions changed for the better, about 37 per cent of our baby crop is doomed within fifteen years to death, disability, incurable disease, insanity, hopeless maladjustment, delinquency and criminality. This unpleasant estimate, of course, is due primarily to the fact that more than *half* of our babies each year are born to that depressed "third

of a nation, ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-housed." The birth rate of families on relief has been 50 to 60 per cent higher than that of families of the same type not on relief.

The war has, if anything, tended to lower the quality element in the baby crop. It has created overcrowded conditions in defense areas, has depleted the supply of doctors in many regions, and has restricted available beds and care in maternity hospitals. We are becoming more familiar with stories of infants born without benefit of medical care in trailers; of mothers giving birth in doctors' offices and returning immediately to their homes; of mothers spending one or two days at the hospital instead of the recommended minimum of ten days; of girls who are no more than children themselves giving birth, in the hectic moral climate of war-time.

## II

Something has gone wrong with our planning since Colonial days. We have "let nature take its course," which hasn't been a happy one, from the standpoint of eugenics. According to Dr. Ellsworth Huntington in his book, *Tomorrow's Children*, a study was made of

"more than two thousand New England and New York families of the eighteenth century." They were divided into two groups,

first, the quarter who occupied the leading positions, and second, the other three quarters. The average number of children whose births were recorded is approximately seven (7.2) per family among the leaders, and six (6.2) among the others. Part, but probably not all, of this difference may be because infants who died very young were fully recorded in the families of higher intelligence. In that case the death rate among the children of the leaders must have been lower than among the rank and file. This seems reasonable, for at present, even with all our activities in behalf of public health, the death rate among children diminishes rapidly as one goes from lower to higher levels of intelligence.

Regardless of whether the cause is found in more births or fewer deaths among the leaders, the essential fact is that in the eighteenth century the number of persons who survived to become adults averaged about 14 per cent more in the families of the leaders than in those of the rest of the population.

Today, according to Dr. Theodore R. Robie in his pamphlet, *The Conservation of Intelligence*, "the feeble-minded are doubling their numbers every ten years, while normal people are not maintaining their numbers. If we let morons go on reproducing at this rapid rate, it will not be many years before the custodees will

exceed the custodians." In fact, if the insane continue to increase at their present rate, in 300 years they will comprise one half of our population.

Our early favorable differential birth rate continued until the first part of the nineteenth century. At this time the sensitive and intelligent people who should have continued to dominate our land were learning that bearing too many children was a dreadful burden to women. These people began to plan their families more carefully, while the less thoughtful, less stable individuals continued and are continuing today to produce the majority of the nation's children.

The steady increase in insanity in this country over a period of years confirms the unfortunate fertility of the unfit. The number of insane confined in sanatoriums has more than doubled in the past twenty years. There was a total of 472,385 patients in hospitals for mental diseases in the United States on January 1, 1940. One must, of course, take into consideration the fact that we have better vital and health statistics than we had twenty years ago, better facilities for housing the insane, and far better means of diagnosing mental illness. But, on the other hand,

this large figure of inmates does not include the more than eighty thousand mental defectives and the more than sixteen thousand epileptics in other state institutions. Nor does the figure take into consideration thousands of borderline cases — poor Uncle Willie who never did any harm, and so shouldn't be shut up; Minnie who really isn't too crazy, just a little odd. Both Willie and Minnie often lead normal lives, marrying and breeding future generations of feeble-minded or actually idiotic children.

A White House conference in the middle thirties estimated that in addition to the definitely feeble-minded children in the nation, no less than 5,650,000 of the 50,000,000 young people under twenty-one years of age in the United States are intellectually subnormal. The number since then has continued to increase. The education of a feeble-minded child costs more than double that of a normal child. At least \$10,000 of public funds are spent for every feeble-minded child born in this country, an amount which would take the normal child from first grade through college. Annually we spend around one billion dollars for our feeble-minded and mentally diseased.

What can be done to remedy this condition? The experience of Sweden offers some light. Worried by a falling birth rate and an increasing need for improving the quality of her population, Sweden has established three important national policies: (1) making contraceptive information and inexpensive tested contraceptives available to *all* members of the population, particularly to those who need it most; (2) sterilizing the mentally deficient; and (3) encouraging the higher mental levels to have more children with intelligently planned social and economic aids. In other words, in that country the birth of a child raises rather than lowers one's standard of living. There are housing projects in Sweden available only to families having two or more children. Good housing, according to Alva Myrdal, in her study on Sweden's social experiment, *Nation and Family*, is no longer considered a problem of charity but a problem of the future quality of the people.

There are clinics providing medical and dental care, extensive co-operative nurseries and pre-schools. Family recreation is considered important and tickets for travel by large families are provided. School children and pre-school children

receive free lunches. There are government subsidized summer camps and colonies for the city children, numbering as many as 16,000 back in 1936; there is increased security of employment for both father and mother, longer vacations with pay. According to Mrs. Myrdal,

Delivery care since January 1938 has been free to everybody. Highly trained district midwife nurses are engaged and paid by the community on a civil service basis, their services in the home, not only for delivery but for regular after-care, being available without cost. About half of all mothers will, however, continue to take advantage of the facilities for child-bearing in hospitals, where all care, including the doctor's, is also free.

World War II has slowed down the rapid development of the Swedish social experiment, but before the darkness settled, the good results were already evident. Although population as a whole has not increased, there has been a definite increase in the birth rate among people in the higher income groups.

As for the dictator countries, they offer a sharply contrasting solution to their eugenics problems. Hitler employs euthanasia ruthlessly to weed out idiots, children who show signs of being incurable, numbers of the dependent aged and many other classes. His entire program of eugenics, of

course, is intended to spread "pure Aryanism."

In this country we spend millions for social work, for the alleviation of suffering, for education, but as a government we make little effort to get at the root of the difficulty, to prevent the unfit from breeding, and to encourage the increase of potentially good citizens. In fact, children are considered a detriment in many instances here, with many apartments and homes closed to families having children. There is no maternity insurance in America. Ruth Millett writes in the Middletown, Ohio, *Journal*,

What are women supposed to do — stop having babies? This is what women are wondering in one American city, whose Department of Public Works has just told its women employees that if they become pregnant they must take an 18-months' maternity leave without pay. That puts a married woman whose pay check is essential to the family's livelihood in a tough spot, especially if her husband has been drafted as a buck private.

But as important as good housing, good food, good education, maternity benefits, etc. are, we will still, even in a Utopian state with all these advantages, breed a fixed number of idiots and incompetents, lose too many infants and mothers, until we get at the source of our difficulties. A few privately financed organizations are attempt-

ing to do this, notable among them the Planned Parenthood Federation of America. One of the Federation's aims is the lowering of infant and maternal death rates throughout the country. To effect this, projects have been begun among groups in which infant and maternal death rates are unusually high: southern share-croppers, migrant workers in the West and South West, Negroes throughout the United States. The Federation also seeks to encourage responsible parenthood where health and economic circumstances justify it. For this purpose their annual directory lists, besides the more than eight hundred family planning clinics and related services in this country, many sterility services which help childless couples who desire to have children.

More and more states, suffering from the tax burdens of overcrowded hospitals, asylums and jails, from high infant and maternal

mortality rates, are seeking to get at the roots of their social ills. Six of them now include child-spacing services in their public health programs. Birth rates have not dropped in these states; in some instances they have increased due to a definite lowering of maternal and infant deaths. Connecticut, the only state in the union with the exception of Massachusetts, in which dissemination of birth control information is illegal, had a drastic example recently of the results of non-selective breeding. An institute for the feeble-minded in Mansfield had room for only a thousand patients. Another thousand were on the waiting list. In one year those on the waiting list gave birth to 650 babies.

These are some of the truths behind the bumper baby crops. Enthusiasm for the national virility needs to be tempered with an intelligent consideration of quality as well as quantity.

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### *The Poet: To a World at War:*

*By Heinrich Heine*

If you would honor me, lay a sword rather than a wreath upon my coffin; for I was, first of all, a soldier in the war for the liberation of humanity.

## THE JAPANESE AT HOME

BY CHARLES LEWIS

I LIVED in the little bamboo dwelling of Taro Akataki, in the city of Kyoto, Japan, during 1938 and 1939. My object was to write, eventually, a book on Oriental anthropology and so I took notes about everything I saw. Before I left, I had filled a dozen volumes of notebooks to the brim. This material concerned only the personal characteristics of the Akatakis, a little family of rice workers — no military or industrial statistics, just a careful recording of the curious idiosyncrasies of a small, average Japanese family.

Herewith, then, is the record of an average day, lifted at random from my diary. This is how that day was spent by the people who are now our enemies. The day was March 3, 1939.

We slept along the floor on thin mattresses, the Akatakis with their heads pointing any direction except north, according to custom. Rising at about four in the morning, our first function was always to bow toward the Emperor in Tokyo and

say prayers for him, after which we rolled up our mattresses, put them away in the closet, and took our baths. The large, wooden bathtub was in the rear of the house. Before they climbed in, the Akatakis soaped themselves outside the tub and then Mr. Akataki himself led the procession, followed in order by the rest of the family according to age. Inasmuch as they do not eat meat and so presume their bodies clean, they didn't think it necessary to change the water.

Tea followed the bathing. A half-dozen cups apiece were not unusual. "I regard tea as a solid food," Mr. Akataki always said, claiming that it was crowded with vitamins and also involved a health-provoking, anti-acid situation. When I asked delicately whether tea might not be a substitute for edibles they did not have, the family advised me fervently that the government said tea was a solid food and consequently it could scarcely be anything else.

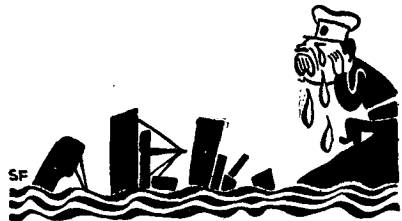
After tea, the Akataki girls and their mother put up each other's

hair, an hour-by-hour job. This hair-designing was easily the most lavish thing in the household and the women considered it so important that they would go without pillows at night and rest their heads on hard, uncomfortable wooden stools to preserve yesterday's hair-dressing an additional twenty-four hours. While the girls maneuvered their hair, Mr. Akataki and his eldest sons would depart for the nearest vacant field where the men of the neighborhood gathered for their morning baseball game. Both players and spectators were dead calm during the game's most spine-tingling moments.

The Akataki menfolk returned home for breakfast after the game. Usually, breakfast consisted of cucumbers, soup, raw fish and leeks, but I remember other morning meals which included radishes, pickles, raw roots and eels. The family split up after breakfast, Mr. Akataki off to the nearby paddy field where he worked, and the children on their way to school. However, the paddy field was not the head man's only occupation: he raised silkworms on mulberry bushes behind his house, pocketing a small profit.

A Japanese day passes much like our own — the men at work, the children at school, the women busy

about the house. But at night, the distinctive pattern of living is resumed. On this particular March day, Mr. Akataki and his sons came home at sunset. They had a cup of wine called saki, which is crushed from rice and swallowed hot. Then they sat down on the floor for supper. Supper was served on little trays and consumed amidst premeditated noises. Mrs. Akataki told me an old Japanese proverb which was a guide for women in the matter of cooking: "When a meal appeals to my family's senses — 1, taste; 2, sight; 3, smell; and 4, hearing — I am honored." As a rule, dinner consisted of fish and rice, or snakes and rice. It is estimated that the Japanese consume fifteen million reptiles a year. In Tokyo alone, there are more than sixty-five licensed snake dealers and the industry has grown so large that the employees have joined "snake unions," which are supervised by the government. Another peculiarity of dinner (or any other meal) at the Akatakis was that



nothing was ever served in quantities of one or three. The number "one" symbolizes killing someone; "three" involves killing yourself.

After dinner on March 3, a friend of Mr. Akataki dropped around and brought the sad news that he felt ill and was worried about dying. In his case, he said, it would be pretty terrible and bring disgrace on the family because his wife had not borne him a child and the family name was in danger of being extinguished. He wondered whether Mr. Akataki would mind allowing him to adopt one of the Akataki children. "Either old or young, it doesn't matter," he put it generously. Mr. Akataki consented and they chose one of the children, a boy, who went away with his father's friend. The Japanese engage in a staggering amount of adoption. Even an adult will join another family to save it the disgrace of extinguishment.

When the friend departed, there was still time to spend the evening at a theatre or church. We decided to go to a movie because we had been to church the week before. As we walked to the theatre, Mrs. Akataki remained two discreet paces behind her husband, carried all the bundles and babies, and was careful to let him precede her through all doorways. On the way,

we paused at the fish counter, the Japanese equivalent of our hot-dog stand. Here Mr. Akataki ate his favorite delicacy, a live lobster tail which wiggled in his mouth and swam down his throat. He pointed out the lobster he preferred, the counterman caught it and inquired if Mr. Akataki was ready. Mr. Akataki set himself and said okay. Then the counterman whacked the lobster with an axe and all hands grabbed for the little yellow tail. Mr. Akataki was proud that he could chew the tail and swallow it before it died.

When we got home from the theatre, we discovered a cricket in the house. The entire family excitedly got on hands and knees and searched for the insect until it was located. They imprisoned it in a little wooden cage, shouting happily all the while that now they had an entrant for the Insect Hearing Festival. They wine and dined the cricket and prayed for it for several days. Glancing at March 8 in my notebook, I read:

The Japanese came from all around to the public park. They bore little boxes with captured insects inside. Everyone happily seated himself and listened enchanted to the demented squeakings of the bugs they had fetched. Many took notes and compared them excitedly after the "concert." Some, usually the musicians, even made recordings of their favorite bugs . . .



We had a few cups of tea when the Akatakis were almost ready for bed, and then sat down to discuss the only devil in the Japanese religion — white people. We are known as meat-eaters and Mr. Akataki and his wife maintained that the meat smell exudes from our pores. If it did, it is unlikely that the Japanese would notice it because they have remarkably deficient powers of smell.

## II

This was a day in the life of a Japanese family. *What* they did appeared strange enough to a Western mind, but *why* they did it was even harder for me to grasp until I came to know the individual members of the Akataki family. For instance, Mr. Akataki's son, Nobufumi, was a nice fellow, pleasant and rather handsome. I discovered that he was studying at school to be a soldier rather than an educated citizen. His school rooms were lined with governmental posters eulogizing dead warriors. Most popular was a poster called "Three Human Bombs." It depicted three Japanese privates carrying a long, heavy bomb on the run toward the enemy ranks. All three would be blown sky-high when the bomb exploded —

but think what it would do to the enemy! The poster added that their bronze likenesses were now worshipped in the Seishoji Temple.

Another poster related, simply enough, the tale of a Japanese corporal who used to hunt game on his farm before he went to war. One day a guest hunting with him accidentally brushed his gun muzzle in the dirt. A moment later, a covey was flushed. The guest raised his gun, fired, and the whole barrel exploded in his face, as a barrel will when it is plugged with dirt. Later, the poster continued, young Corporal Tanaka went off to war and discovered, one day, an enemy cannon squad preparing to pitch shells at his regiment. Unable to capture the whole squad alone, Corporal Tanaka waited until the gun was about to fire, then dove headlong down its mouth. The result, explained the poster gleefully, was similar to the exploding barrel of the guest's gun, back on the farm.

Nobufumi's religious tenets were deeply ingrained. It did not bother him that most of his heroes arrived at their glorified state posthumously. He was only about twelve when he knew that Japanese soldiers are encouraged by their commanders on the eve of battle to pledge with their best friends over a cup of cold water that each man

will send a note to the home of the other in case one is killed — a note that attests the deceased man's valorous end.

Consider, too, the case of Ichizo, Mr. Akataki's oldest boy. When he is inducted and stationed with a detachment in a bug-infested jungle, he will be perfectly at home. His superiors will be able to toss him a remnant of dried fish and some fermented rice juice and he will exist for a week on it — and think it no worse than what he has known all his life. Shintoism, the religion of the Akatakis, is really nothing more than the worship of Nature, consequently Ichizo loves dangerous swamps and crocodile-filled rivers. He worships the friendly little crocodile-god, and the even friendlier little swamp-god. If he happens upon a deadly snake, he will kill it, say a quick prayer to the god who presides over such matters as killed snakes, and enjoy it thoroughly at the supper table. Ichizo will be inclined to swim right along for a short distance with a crocodile, as he once did with a man-eating shark.

Ichizo loved to show me how quick he was — as physically alert as a frightened cat. He had been trained in the ways of rapidity by sword-handling and jujitsu and he would describe to me how, in the

old days, Samurai duelists held races to see who could chop off quickest the heads of three unarmed men. The victims were tied together, he said, and each duelist stood up to his trio and sliced off their heads with one stroke. The quickest stroke won.

"You know, a bayonet in his hands," Mr. Akataki told me repeatedly, gesturing paternally at Ichizo, "would be a remarkably well-placed utensil. His timing is uncanny; he acquires it in school. His application of balance, his concentration of force at the psychological instant is unique." And I knew he was not exaggerating — these things were almost commonplace with all the Akataki sons. I had seen little Akira, the nine-year-old, who was a delivery boy in his spare time, carry trays piled seven feet high on his arm while he skittered a bicycle through the crowded Kyoto streets with his free hand.

Negako, Mr. Akataki's daughter, also went to school. And little Negako had to read posters, too. Her favorite was one which told about Madame Aborashio, the wife of an army officer who served during the Manchurian invasion. "The poster said Madame Aborashio's husband went off to the wars and left her behind in Osaki," Negako told me excitedly. "The poor man

was sad at leaving her; they were just married. But when he got to the front, it was all right because there was a note from his wife. She had sent it just before committing suicide. She said she didn't want him worrying about her or dividing his attention from the war."

### III

Finally, to understand the why of the Japanese, consider Taro Akataki himself. As a non-military patriot, he measured his devotion by the degree of reverence he had for the Emperor. When we were visiting Tokyo, he bowed whenever he passed the Imperial Palace, just on the off-chance that the Emperor was home, and he told me again and again that if he could only think of something to do to aid the Emperor, he was certain it would assure him a place in the hereafter. On this same visit to Tokyo, I needed a suit and Taro took me to Isao Kasami, a tailor who was a friend of the Akataki family. Isao told me reverently how the Emperor's private tailor must stand off and estimate all measurements from a distance when the Son of Heaven requires a new garment. I judged, from what he said, that Japanese Emperors were doomed to ill-fitting clothes.

It was something of a shock to discover that the mysterious ways of the Japanese impressed even the Japanese themselves. Mr. Akataki lived quite pleasantly in the belief that *he* was mysterious. He loved to fancy such customs as eating live lobster tails as part of the exotic East and he pictured himself as blanketed under the evil excitement of the Orient. Hollywood epics too full of hokum even for American audiences caused riots in Tokyo box offices if they depicted the Orient, particularly Japan, as mysterious. Mr. Akataki would sit through three consecutive showings of such a picture, nodding his head enthusiastically.

But it was only in the theatre that Mr. Akataki, trained from childhood to inscrutability, could visibly enjoy himself. Technically, he was not supposed to show emotion in a theatre, either, but he always cheated. This suppression of feelings caused Mr. Akataki to say continually what he did not mean. If one of his family died, he laughed and leaned over backward to conceal his grief. When he referred to his wife, he called her "my bungling old hag of a wife." When his best friend called one night to inquire about the health of Mrs. Akataki, who was then confined, he answered: "Oh, that descendant of a

pig couldn't bear a swine correctly." If he had cause to mention a son of whom he was inordinately proud, he would always say "my demented son."

The Japanese are lacking badly in historical tradition and cultural background and so certain face-saving legends have been created to cover up the deficit, tales like the one which describes the Japanese as descended from the Sun Goddess. These legends have now become dogma. The Chinese, however, have a more practical theory about Japanese origins and claim that these people are no more than servants who one day tired of cleaning bedpans and bathtubs and ran away from their Chinese masters. Whenever I tried to discuss this matter with Mr. Akataki, he reacted as all Japanese do and turned the conversation to a discussion of Nipponese landscaping.

The Chinese theory is perhaps confirmed somewhat by the Japs' obvious guilt-complex, and even more so by such an elemental matter as their sanitary habits. For instance, there was no flushing apparatus in the Akataki's bathroom. Every morning an Ordure Collector dropped around, like a milkman on his route, and collected the garbage. The filth collector carried a pole over his shoulder, with a dozen

or so wooden buckets strung along it. This collector could be smelled by a foreigner from an unbelievable distance, although the Japanese seemed impervious to him. Of course, such bizarre plumbing is restricted to the older sections of Japanese towns.

A foreigner is naturally amazed by the rest-room system. Men, women and children utilize the same lavatory simultaneously. One day I innocently entered what I took to be a men's room and, a moment later, watched aghast as a lovely Japanese girl entered, said hello unblushingly, and joined me.

The same sort of frankness characterizes Japanese attitudes on sex matters. Mr. Akataki, whenever he was taken with the desire to be rich, would dream out loud to me about how he would visit all the Geisha houses if only he had the means. The choicest Geisha belles, he said, were those in Kyoto and he emphasized that Geisha houses were infinitely more than houses of prostitution. Rich merchants might sit in them for hours and many important political conferences were held there. Mr. Akataki said that if he were rich, and about to make a trip, he would have his Geisha girl either accompany him or just precede him to prepare his hotel room. She would

tend his clothing, serve his food and tuck him in at night. He said he would not let her eat with him, but they would bathe together.

Mr. Akataki scorned me as a meat-eater, but I learned that he was not really averse to meat. Only the very rich in Japan could afford such a luxury. When Mr. Akataki and I visited Tokyo, we went to a modern Japanese hotel and he ordered, excitedly, a large, thick, bloody steak. He was like a kid at a circus with it. His wages were only about a tenth of what an American workman earns and, until that time, he had never tasted a chop or steak. The priests of his shrines, he said, ate meat regularly.

The world of Taro Akataki and his family is precisely the opposite of ours, even in the smallest matters. More important, for us, is the fact that every Japanese youth is brought up in this pattern, a pattern irreconcilable with our way of life. The Japanese have a saying about us, an old Oriental proverb which the modern, military Japanese have borrowed from the Japanese landscapers and painters. The proverb says: "There is one thing about white — it is extinguished easily." That is our enemy speaking.

*(This article was written in collaboration with Lewis Marshall Thompson.)*



*"The next one who asks permission to visit Hess — just shoot him!"*

# CREDO OF AN OLD-FASHIONED SOCIALIST

BY NORMAN THOMAS

WHEN THE AMERICAN MERCURY suggested that I contribute to this series in which men re-state their long-established social faiths, I had some doubts whether I wanted to accept the description "old-fashioned socialist." Then I remembered that I am proud to count myself a democratic socialist, an heir and beneficiary of socialist thinking and socialist traditions antedating Karl Marx. When I came to the Socialist Party, I explained that I could not treat socialism like the dogmatic religion of a book, and that I doubted whether there was any infallible "ism" under which men could achieve plenty, peace and freedom. I was assured that socialists, led by Eugene V. Debs and Morris Hillquit — and they

did not always think alike — believed in the scientific approach to human problems and put the interest of human beings as individuals above servile devotion to any dogma.

What I shall do, therefore, is not to try to compress in a brief article an outline history of socialist thought and then prove from it the orthodoxy of my own position. I shall, instead, briefly discuss my socialist beliefs and let the reader judge for himself how far he thinks me old-fashioned and how far new. For myself, I acknowledge an enormous debt to socialist thinkers even at those points at which the march of events has led me to doubt the adequacy if not the correctness of their conclusions. I share their faith that the well-being of mankind depends upon achieving a federation of co-operative commonwealths. And the place for us to begin is at home.

The fundamental fact which should condition all social thinking is that we are already far along in

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*This is the third article in a series which began with "Credo of an Old-Fashioned Liberal," by Oswald Garrison Villard, in our October issue, and "Credo of an Old-Fashioned Conservative," by George Barton Cullen, in the December issue. Norman Thomas has been the Socialist Party candidate for President of the United States four times.*

social revolution, worldwide in scope and extent. Of this fact, the second world war in a generation is itself in large part an expression. Recognition of the fact of world revolution is by no means peculiarly socialist, but socialists may fairly claim that they foresaw it and predicted it from their analysis of history, and especially the history of capitalist development. Socialists, moreover, have done much to influence that world revolution. These things are true despite the failure of socialism to foresee and prevent the conditions which would make fascism or state capitalism rather than democratic socialism the first result of the revolution.

Indeed, I think the greatest failure of all types of socialism was the failure to understand that although private capitalism was doomed by its own internal contradictions, above all by its inability to provide men with the abundance which modern machinery makes possible, its failure by no means automatically led to socialism. That must be a creative achievement. It can never be the result merely of social forces which are impersonal and automatic. It must spring from men's conscious sense of social values.

Beginning with this basic conviction, I should outline my beliefs about as follows:

I. The fundamental problem of our time, as of other times of revolutionary change, is economic. It concerns the proper management of the resources, the physical power and the machinery which modern technology makes available to us. Of course, this is not the only social problem; there are, as this war grimly emphasizes, problems of nationalism and racialism of extreme urgency. They are interwoven with the economic problem rather than mere manifestations of it. To say that the economic problem is fundamental in this world revolution does not compel one to accept in the philosophical sense a rigorous and exclusive economic determinism. It certainly does not compel one to postulate the existence of that unreal abstraction "the economic man," whom some socialist thinkers took over uncritically from the capitalist economists.

Recognition, however, of the central nature of this economic problem is important. It is a sounder approach, I believe, to world revolution than such an eloquent liberal creed as Oswald Garrison Villard recently outlined in these pages. We must, in all social planning or thinking, accept the fact that the primary and immediate interest of modern man is in economic security and that modest abundance which

he believes the machine age makes possible. By a grim paradox, the great insecurity which the German masses found at the hands of Hitler is to be explained in no small degree by their acceptance of Hitler as a guarantor of greater individual and certainly greater national security. To be sure, the interpretation of national security easily gets mixed up with desires for national power and glory. It has psychological implications which do not admit measurement by simple arithmetic. Nevertheless, I repeat that the craving for security and modest abundance, a craving which men feel for their nation or their class as well as for themselves, is fundamental and we shall never win peace or freedom, those other essentials to the good life, without dealing with this fundamental demand.

2. The builders of the new society which is emerging out of the storms of war and revolution will be the workers. It is already evident that even totalitarian states must give lip service and a little more than lip service to the doctrine that every able-bodied man is entitled to work reasonably rewarded, and that no class shall longer rule simply by owning. Some socialists, like many non-socialists, fail to recognize that the totalitarian societies

— both fascist and communist — take this point of view and are at least partially revolutionary in their rejection of private capitalism. So true is this that while the power and influence of private capitalism, especially here in America, are still great factors for shaping the future, already it is clear that the great struggle is not between economic individualism and a high degree of collectivism. It concerns the kind and amount of collectivism, and above all, whether that collectivism can be made democratic and consistent with liberty or whether it must be totalitarian.

3. Although the workers actively, or at least passively, will shape the future rather than the owning class, they are in no sense infallible for their own or the world's salvation. Indeed, there is no Messianic class or group, neither the workers nor the managers nor the so-called *élite*, who will infallibly shape a desirable future. Most old-fashioned socialists expected too much of the working class and conceived it in too narrow terms as including only wage workers. One could write a stirring history of the progress of wage workers since the dark beginnings of the industrial revolution. One may insist, as I do, that labor unions are of primary importance in today's society and will have a



somewhat different but still important rôle in tomorrow's society, and yet in the light of history reject the notion that they can become the exclusive builders of a better world. The term "worker" must mean more than wage worker if workers are to build a more desirable world. It must include all those who, by their labors of hand and brain, are adding to the common wealth. It certainly must include working farmers and professional men and technicians.

## II

I never was a syndicalist — old-fashioned socialists weren't. Today, more than ever, I am convinced that syndicalism — the notion that wage workers organized as wage workers will or should rule society — is incorrect. At the same time, I remain convinced that in the institutions for political and economic government, workers should be directly represented.

I never fully accepted any formulation of the Guild Socialism popular in the 'twenties. I agree with its insistence that men have by nature and eternally two functions and corresponding sets of interests not automatically harmonized. They are producers and consumers. Moreover, they work to

live, not live to work. This is particularly true at a time when, of necessity, so much machine work must be monotonous. Our main unifying rôle as workers should be the production of abundance for all, which abundance we can enjoy. Modern technology has not increased but weakened the possible dominance of certain industrial unions. It has done this by minimizing the importance of trades learned with difficulty, and by making easier the transfer of workers from trade and from industry to industry. At the same time, it has greatly increased the proportion of white-collar workers.

The mistakes of socialists as well as of syndicalists arose in part from their belief that self-interest would unite the workers far more tightly than it does. Most workers think they have something to lose but their chains and all of them know that there is a difference in the weight of chains. The attempt of some socialists to preserve their faith in the Messianic working class by giving it a metaphysical and mystical interpretation, divorcing it from the often disappointing realities of the trade union movement, was analogous to the same sort of interpretation that Christians give the Church. It was equally sterile or at times dangerous.

Still more serious, although even more excusable, was the earlier socialist conviction that self-interest would automatically teach the workers what they ought to do for their own good, which would ultimately be for the good of society. Lenin knew better and tried to solve the problem by reducing the working class to the level of potential supporters of an active and powerful revolutionary minority. Favored by historical circumstances, his revolutionary minority achieved and held power in Russia, but the dictatorship which it established by no means withered away as he had predicted. It became more and more personal and less and less democratic even within the governing party.

Lenin had been right in discounting a too easy-going social democratic faith in the wisdom of the workers or the masses but the Social Democrats were right in understanding what Lenin forgot, namely, that men covet power as well as profit; that dictatorships cannot in any true sense of the word be composed of the whole working class; and that they do not wither away. The Lenin technique as developed by Stalin has been successful in terms of power, but it has achieved the new tyranny of the totalitarian state. It has supplanted

private capitalism by state capitalism; that is, by a society in which the workers have no real control over the tools they use or the goods they produce. Hence, Russia has not achieved socialism in any true sense. Socialism and democracy in our day must be synonymous.

Fascists and Nazis more candidly accepted government by the *élite*, nominally devoted to the mass interests of the national state. But they did not forget economics, for they insisted that the *élite* work for the emancipation of nations which were as a whole proletarian in reference to more fortunate people. Psychologically, it never will be possible to establish democratic socialism by any sort of exaltation of the power of an *élite*. Under certain circumstances, the *élite* may begin as gangsters; unlimited power in time makes the best of them gangsters, whatever their beginnings.

This would be true even if the *élite* are defined as managers, as James Burnham uses the word. In any event, managers are not united as were owners in a simpler capitalism by the mere fact of their economic function. Vitally important as they are to modern society, managers always have and always will manage for somebody or something — for Wall Street, the New Deal, Hitler or Stalin. They are content

with such rewards as may thus come to them.

In short, the crowded history of these years has gone far to confirm the ethical judgment of Gene Debs, who so often insisted that he alone would not if he could lead the masses into socialism — for if he could lead them into it, some other man alone might lead them out. There are no short-cuts in the creative task of building the co-operative commonwealth. It must be built by those who will co-operate. Minorities will always lead the way, but they must gain the conscious assent of majorities, and an ever increasing measure of co-operation from them if they are to build on sure foundations.

In my thinking, all this adds up to the conviction that democratic socialism is something for which men must plan. Part of the planning has to do with the preservation and increase of freedom. A desirable economy of the future will include areas left, under certain controls, to individual enterprise, as well as areas in which consumers' co-operatives and publicly owned or at least publicly controlled corporations are dominant. I think the now popular phrase "a mixed economy" is unfortunate in describing this society because it will be planned and its purposes will be socialist.

I see no easy road to the establishment of democratic socialism. It is inconsistent with the perpetuation of the war system and the doctrine and practice of absolute nationalism or imperialism. Yet I am convinced that everything we care for in our own generation, and still more for our children and their children, requires the achievement of a society which can be described as a fellowship of free men who will harness their marvelous machinery to the destruction not of one another, but only of poverty. More than any single movement, traditional, democratic socialism has pointed men towards that goal and inspired them to struggle for it.

I am proud to be the heir of that tradition. I want to learn from its successes and its failures. I rejoice that I live in a day when the physical sciences have made objectively so easy the conquest of poverty. We who possess so rich a heritage of ideals and skills even in the agony of world war cannot lose our faith that men together can destroy ancient tyrannies without establishing the new tyranny of the totalitarian state. The supreme insistence of democratic socialism is that plenty and freedom, peace and security are compatible in a comradeship which will cross the lines of race, nationality and creed.

# THE ARMY EXPECTS AN AIR RAID

BY HENRY J. TAYLOR

LARGE sections of the public may not believe that German bombers can or will attack us on the American mainland. But America's high army authorities are convinced that the Nazis will strike. What's more, many of them are eager that the American people should know this. The morale and strategic purposes of such a raid, they explain, can be defeated if the public understands clearly what it is all about.

Where will the enemy strike? "We look for them first over Washington and New York," I was told, "although none of the large Eastern and Midwestern centers can be considered immune."

When? "Any time. They'll come over. Make no mistake about that!" Important air officers, top commanders, the men who must stop the enemy, gave me this blunt answer.

They urged the need for a better understanding by ordinary

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Americans of what such raids would aim to accomplish. That is why I have written this article. That is why THE AMERICAN MERCURY is co-operating to obtain the widest attention for it. Unless air raid wardens, nurses' aids, civilian defense workers and the people at large recognize the danger — not so much in the raid itself as in its effects on public opinion — the Nazis may succeed in attaining their primary objective.

There is a feeling among our most important air staffs that when the enemy comes there may be loud and dangerous shouts of "Another Pearl Harbor!" There may be panic pressures to keep more airplanes at home. There may be a wave of apprehension. None of these things need be — and none of them will be if the facts are more widely known and understood in advance.

As one who has seen Nazi bombers attack from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, over London, Gibraltar, Egypt and the Middle East, I know that any frenzied shouts of

"Pearl Harbor" would be unfair to the army and to the top officers involved. More important, it would be unfair to the American cause since it would play right into the enemy's hands.

Recently I visited vital U. S. Army Air Corps Interceptor fields from Florida to New England. Previously, I had been abroad with many of the same American staff officers who now command those fields. We had been together during their training periods in England, and while they were taking our planes into action elsewhere. The settings on this side are different — no ack-ack fire every night, no blazing shafts of wandering searchlights, no quick commands for fighter squadrons to take the air. But the men are the same.

I asked them how they could expect to do in the United States what is not done any place in the world; namely, develop a shut-out against enemy attack. Their answers were specific enough. "We can't do it. And the Nazis, of course, know we can't. There simply is no way to stop a scattered air raid."

And that's the central fact which the public needs to know. It is impossible to mass enough interceptor planes and anti-aircraft batteries to keep off every Nazi at-

tacker. To attempt to do that, all our fighting production would have to be retained at home, *where the enemy would like to have us keep it*, and even then bombs would fall.

The Nazis cannot attack in force and they cannot maintain sustained raids. Hitler's Luftwaffe at this stage cannot really hurt our war effort. Yet there are several first-rate reasons why they may and probably will come. While the amount of physical damage they could do would be trifling in relation to the total set-up, they would hope to work an immense amount of moral havoc in our midst.

Nazi bombs could start a great hue and cry among us about inefficiency, lack of preparedness and vulnerability. Nazi bombs could pin down here more of our war equipment and fighting men than are actually needed. That would add up to significant military achievements by the Nazi mission. If the raid succeeded in getting our public sufficiently excited and worried, Hitler and Goering and Goebbels would consider it worth the heavy investment.

Furthermore, the Nazis would thereby please the Japs by offering a friendly retaliation for our raids on Tokyo. As far as the German people are concerned, Nazi propaganda would have a wonderful dish

to serve with headlines of "Washington burning! White House wrecked! New York a shambles!" This would be the Goebbels description of the first wisp of smoke, no matter how small. Now that Allied bombings are increasing over Germany, it would mean a lot to Hitler to print such exaggerations. It is inconceivable that the Nazi mind has overlooked the advantages of a raid, however costly and however limited in its physical effects, in terms of its psychological consequences inside Germany and inside the U.S.A.

## II

Goering knows how to get planes here. When it is over, we are not likely to know exactly how it was done—any more than the Japs knew exactly how Doolittle and his boys managed the job.

A squadron can hop from Germany to the barren stretches of Labrador, let us say, with the greatest of ease. From such a hiding place it could come down along our seaboard, drop its load of explosives, and return. Such a trip is readily within Nazi bomber range. Both the *Graf Zeppelin* and the *Hindenburg* in their day surveyed and charted the air currents around Labrador and the Germans had

weather stations in the Far North continuously until expelled by American and Canadian forces.

Or miscellaneous planes can be catapulted at sea. The Nazis have done a lot of pioneer work with catapult devices. Germans experimented with this in Long Island harbor, using their catapult *Friesenland* and *Schwabenland* regularly off our shores, before the war began. Their new sea-raiding cruisers carry planes and aircraft carriers may also be sneaked out.

There may be other ways of doing it. The answer in army circles to queries about the how of it is simple. "Of course they can do it. Why not?"

We would, of course, be warned by highly scientific radio devices and by spotters. It is the Interceptor Command's task to meet attackers in the air. But when single planes are diffused over a wide area, no intercepting operation can meet them all. The few that get through would suffice for Goering's main purposes. As the sirens scream, the civilian defense forces spring into action, police cars screech down the streets and searchlights stab the sky, as the ack-ack fire breaks out with a thundering roar and throws a barrage of high shrapnel, the people of the city under attack cannot know

that only a few scattered enemy planes are overhead. The external excitement and action are as intense against a skeleton raid as against massed air might. Generally the planes are so high that nobody can see them anyhow.

Where does our anti-aircraft figure? Well, it discourages the enemy from the target, tends to keep him high and often drops him when he ventures within range. But it has to work in closest relation with the interceptor forces, for when defending planes are in the air the anti-aircraft must shut down or it will hit our own planes. This takes hair-trigger timing and the most intimate co-operation.

For obvious military reasons, armies withhold details of damage after any raid. Wisely, the censorship lid goes down tight on what the enemy has accomplished or failed to accomplish. Inevitably, therefore, the rumor factories start production. In all the confusion and drama and noise — in our case

heightened enormously by the novelty of the experience — the raid seems effective when it really may have been a dismal bust.

From the enemy's standpoint it would be enough. Enough for exploitation at home to raise the sagging morale in Germany. Enough to stimulate protests and bickering in America. Enough to cause local and Congressional demands for more anti-aircraft and planes and other equipment to make every one of our myriad population and industrial areas invulnerable.

Our air defense officers are good, their interceptors and detection apparatus are good, their anti-aircraft is good. They are fully prepared, on the alert, and entirely able to repulse any concerted attack and to make it far too expensive for the Nazis to stage large scale raids. But they can't stop raids by scattered planes. It isn't possible and it isn't worth it.

The role of the public is to avoid hysteria.



# LITANY

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

WHEN the sun rises on another day  
Of broken hopes, vain yearnings, and futile waiting,  
And hearts get a little colder  
And love more distant than the most distant star  
And even sleep begins to lose its small solace —  
O Lord, remember us.

When the vast unreason of the immemorial sequence,  
Strife and peace and more strife,  
Engulfs us with such calm and mocking disregard,  
And all dreams and aspirations  
Lose their ultimate comfort —  
O Lord, remember us.

When the smiles of children, the final support,  
Recede and join the independent throng,  
Leaving us with the one certainty  
That they too will soon  
Wait for answers that never come —  
O Lord, remember us.

When death comes with false friendliness,  
Bringing an end to nothing  
And no future intimations  
Save the repetition of this life  
But on the scale of a worm —  
O Lord, remember us.



# VIRUS PNEUMONIA: A NEW DISEASE

BY ROBERT H. FELDT, M.D.

IN THE last ten years, a new type of pneumonia has appeared. It has been frequently observed in colleges and Army camps and wherever large groups of people are assembled. It is known as virus pneumonia because it is caused by a filtrable virus, the smallest of all germs. Ironically, this different form of pneumonia has appeared just when other kinds of pneumonia are being brought under control with sulfa drugs and serums. New methods of treatment must be discovered because this malady cannot be cured with sulfa drugs.

Does virus pneumonia resemble the influenza pneumonia of 1918, and is a widespread epidemic likely? What has brought about its appearance at this time? Is it as deadly as other types of pneumonia? The answers to these and dozens of related questions are being sought by researchers throughout the world.

With the onset of virus pneumonia, the first complaints are usually weakness and muscular aches.

At times, these symptoms are associated with what seems to be an ordinary cold. The patient often thinks he is getting the grippe. He does not appear to be especially ill and he may try to keep on working. In a day or two, high fever and a hacking cough develop and he becomes aware that he is really sick.

In spite of the severity of the symptoms, recovery usually occurs in two or three weeks; but in some cases convalescence is prolonged for several months. The patient may feel well enough to return to work when suddenly a relapse develops. Extreme weakness frequently persists for weeks after recovery and in this respect virus pneumonia is similar to influenza. Death due to complications may occur, but such an outcome is not common.

In one severe case, the patient, a thirty-one-year-old engineer, thought he was getting a cold. He continued to work a couple of days although he "felt chilly and ached all over." He had a slight cough which gradually became so bad that

he could not sleep. When his temperature rose to  $104^{\circ}$ , he was taken to the hospital. By this time, sweating was intense and he was obviously prostrated by the infection. He had a splitting headache. Because of difficult breathing, it was necessary to give him oxygen. An X-ray examination of his lungs confirmed the diagnosis of virus pneumonia. In ten days his temperature began to fall and he felt better. He was able to leave the hospital after two weeks, but he did not return to work for a month. Even then he felt weak and run down. He lost eighteen pounds during the illness.

Virus pneumonia is highly contagious, appearing in a week or two after contact with an infected person. It is acquired through droplet infection from the coughing of those who have the disease. It may spread through an entire family. Nurses have contracted it from patients. Several young men who lived in a fraternity house came down with it after sleeping in the same room with a sick student. Now, as never before, the admonition to avoid people with coughs is important. A person who seems to have only a cold may actually have a mild virus infection which could cause a real virus pneumonia if it spreads to someone else.

A study of old reports suggests that a few cases of virus pneumonia were observed during the last war, but it was not until 1935 that a comprehensive account of the disease was written. Major Albert Bowen of the Army Medical Corps published conclusions regarding 120 soldiers he had treated during 1931, 1932 and 1933 while he was stationed in Honolulu. In his experience, this type of pneumonia was more common than other kinds of pneumonia. He believed that it was an unusual manifestation of influenza. Major Bowen suspected that something in the climate of Hawaii had made the disease take this unfamiliar form.

Many of the patients were ready to be discharged from the hospital before the report of the lung X-ray was received from the laboratory. They were promptly ordered back to bed because the pictures showed definite evidence of lung disease that could not be detected in any other way. Major Bowen's description of the X-ray findings is now widely accepted, and physicians hesitate to make a diagnosis of virus pneumonia without X-ray confirmation.

In 1935, nearly seventy soldiers at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, were sent to the hospital with virus pneumonia. This new disease was as

common as all other types of pneumonia among Army personnel. No deaths occurred, but some patients had to stay in the hospital for as long as three months.

Virus pneumonia was not recognized in civil life until the late winter of 1936-1937 when a minor epidemic broke out in a nursery for new-born babies. In spite of all precautions, the disease spread from baby to baby in rapid succession and 25 per cent of the children died. The smallest and weakest infants were the most seriously affected. An examination of the lungs of those who had died showed that the disease might be caused by a filtrable virus.

Later, in 1937, virus pneumonia appeared among students of a large Eastern university. During the next year and a half, eighty-six cases were discovered. The disease was more common than other kinds of pneumonia. This confirmed the reports of Army doctors that it was an important cause of temporary disability. The university doctors were convinced that they were confronted with a new malady since nothing like it had ever been treated in the infirmary before. Many of the students were seriously sick and others had a long convalescence, but some of the hardy ones recovered rapidly. One

football player became ill early in the season, but in a short time he was back in the line-up.

In the last five years, virus pneumonia has been reported among people of all ages in every region of the United States. It has been observed in England, France, Switzerland and Hungary. By this time, it has probably spread to all parts of the world.

Of the older forms of pneumonia, the one most greatly feared and the most common was lobar pneumonia. In the last ten years, the death rate from this disease in the United States has been cut in half. Treatment with the newly developed and almost miraculous sulfa drugs and the wider use of serum account for this brightening picture.

## II

If the new variety of pneumonia is to be treated with the same success, its cause or causes, must be found. It is necessary to reproduce a disease in animals before the cause can be positively identified. Early research was seriously impeded because none of the ordinary laboratory animals were susceptible to virus pneumonia. Material from the throats of patients with the disease was inoculated into mice,

guinea pigs, rabbits, monkeys, ferrets and even skunks, but they all remained healthy.

Then Drs. John M. Weir and Frank J. Horsfall of the Rockefeller Foundation began to experiment with the mongoose — blood enemy of poisonous snakes. This ferocious little animal was selected because it resembles the ferret and the ferret is susceptible to some of the other virus diseases. On the completion of their work a couple of years ago, one of the most exciting chapters in the history of modern medical research was written.

The wild mongoose is found in abundance in the West Indies, but it cannot be imported into the United States. For this reason, Jamaica was selected as the place for the experiments and the full co-operation of the Island government was obtained. But there were no patients with virus pneumonia in the West Indies. Horsfall and Weir knew of a number of cases of the disease in New York state. They ingeniously devised a method of preparing infected sputum so that it could be transported to Jamaica.

Mongoosees are not as large as rabbits, but they are so vicious that they had to be handled with special metal tongs. Workers in the Jamaica laboratory soon learned

that heavy leather gloves were no protection against the sharp little teeth. It was necessary to put these animals to sleep with ether before their noses could be inoculated with throat washings of pneumonia patients.

Almost every inoculated mongoose developed pneumonia similar in type to that of the patients. After the animals died or were killed, material from their lungs was inoculated into other animals. In this way, the disease was passed through several generations of mongooses.

These experiments proved that some substance in the sputum of patients ill with the new type of pneumonia was the cause of the disease. Weir and Horsfall were careful to remove all bacteria from the throat washings by using a filter with openings so tiny that ordinary germs were strained out. Therefore, they concluded that the causative factor was a filtrable virus.

Virus pneumonia was as contagious in the mongoose colony as it is in human beings. Healthy animals placed in contact with those having the disease soon became ill themselves. Blood serum from a mongoose or a person who had recovered from the pneumonia was found to neutralize the virus.

When this convalescent serum was mixed with a solution containing the virus, the material was no longer capable of causing pneumonia.

Hopeful possibilities for treatment are suggested by these experiments. It may be found that blood serum from a patient who has recovered will have a curative effect when transfused into the veins of someone who is just coming down with the disease. Experiments testing the value of this method of treatment are in progress.

Unlike the usual kind of microbes, such as the pneumococcus, a filtrable virus is too small to be seen with the most high-powered microscope. The recent development of the electron microscope provides a new tool for investigation of virus infections. It may soon be possible to obtain magnifications of 25,000 diameters with the new instrument as compared to 1,300 with the ordinary microscope, and the study of filtrable viruses will be greatly enhanced.

The virus discovered by Weir and Horsfall is similar to the one that causes influenza. In many respects, the disease resembles the influenza pneumonia of 1918, but there are striking differences. Virus pneumonia is less severe and it is

seldom fatal except in the very young. The X-ray picture of the lungs is different in the two diseases. No major epidemic of virus pneumonia has yet appeared, whereas influenza was a world-wide scourge in 1918 and 1919.

Although a general epidemic of virus pneumonia may spread over the United States during this war, it is not likely to assume the proportions of the influenza epidemic of World War I. The health and nutrition of American civilians and soldiers are better now than they were in 1918. Virus pneumonia is more clearly understood now than influenza was then. Plans have already been made for the control of any outbreak of the disease. The influenza epidemic was so sudden in its onset that preventive measures could not be promptly instituted.

Virus pneumonia is increasing in frequency. Doctors are on the alert to diagnose the disease in suspicious cases. Illnesses that might have been classified as grippe, bronchitis, influenza or bronchopneumonia are now sometimes proved to be virus pneumonia when an X-ray film of the lungs is made.

Why did an apparently new malady appear at this time? Perhaps it is a sudden revival of an old

ailment. Great epidemics such as the "black death" and influenza have flourished for a time and then subsided. This rise and fall of disease is due to changes in balance in the conflict between man and his bacterial enemies. When a new illness appears or an old one reappears, its victims may have little or no resistance to it. Gradually, the virulence of the infecting germ decreases, or natural resistance

increases, or both, so that the scales are weighted and the epidemic abates.

Since the sulfa drugs are without value in the treatment of virus pneumonia, new methods of therapy must be found. Symptomatic treatment with well-known remedies will control the fever, cough and aching, but for the present actual cure depends on the ability of the body to combat the disease.



*Axis Grand Strategy*

# DARK DAY IN NEW ENGLAND

By JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL

THEY speak of it as the Dark Day, they whose forebears lived through the soul-stirring experience in 1780, echoes of which have come down through so many New England generations. It was a day when countless thousands turned fearful eyes toward a sunless sky, while nameless terror clutched at their throats. What awful portent was this? What grim visitation was at hand?

Histories deal with that curious episode only in fragmentary fashion. Apparently no comprehensive article about it has appeared heretofore in any periodical. But some details can be dug up in the yellowed files of local newspapers, in old diaries and unpublished letters.

Darkness invaded the Northeast without warning on Friday, the nineteenth of May. Like a boundless inky pall, it entered Connecticut from the Southwest about ten in the morning and spread swiftly across the state into the lands that are now Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine.

Cows left their pastures and plodded homeward to be milked. Birds and barnyard fowls sought their perches and drooped their heads in sleep. Dogs whined and put tails between their legs.

People spoke in hushed voices. They lighted candles in the houses, and as the blackness grew deeper toward noon great numbers of them fell upon their knees at home or in the churches and sent up fervent prayers. From the Hudson River to the seaward side of New England men and women asked themselves the dread question, "Is this the Day of Doom, when the dead shall rise and all men shall be judged?"

Those who sought comfort from their spiritual leaders found only harsh admonitions. "No unrepentant sinner can escape the wrath of an avenging God!" Whereto congregations, in swelling chorus, replied "Amen!" Yet they prayed that the terrible accounting which loomed near might be averted. "Heavenly Father," clergy and laymen joined in pleading, "if it

be Thy will, let this cup pass from us!"

William Pynchon, lawyer and leading citizen of Salem, Massachusetts, then a community of more than six thousand souls, observed that before noon

The cocks began to crow as in the night; people in the streets grew melancholy; and fear seized upon all except sailors. They went hallooing and frolicking in the streets, and were reprov'd in vain. They cried out to the ladies as they passed: "Now you may take off your rolls and high caps and be damned!"

Many of the townspeople turned to Dr. Nathaniel Whittaker for guidance. They crowded into the Third Church, where he had often assailed those who opposed his insistence upon the Presbyterian forms. Here was new opportunity to speak out, and he made the most of it. His text was taken from Amos VIII. 9-10: "*I will darken the earth in the clear day. . .*" He held, Mr. Pynchon recorded, that this great darkness was due to "the immediate act of God for people's extortion and other sins, and enumerated them." Recalling the utterances of the prophet Amos, Dr. Whittaker dwelt upon "God's judgement upon Syria, the Philistines, and Israel," related how God had reprov'd Israel "for

oppression, idolatry, and incorrigibleness."

Picturing the wantonness of Israel, and the certainty of its desolation, Dr. Whittaker found parallels in the spiritual condition of countless people of his own day, and he quoted from the prophet:

*"And it shall come to pass in that day," saith the Lord God, "that I will cause the sun to go down at noon, and I will darken the earth in the clear day. . . . And I will turn all your feasts into mourning, and I will bring up sackcloth upon all loins . . . and I will make it as the mourning of an only son, and the end thereof as a bitter day."*

About four in the afternoon, Mr. Pynchon's diary states, it grew somewhat lighter. "In the evening, although the moon was up and full, it was, until 12 o'clock, darker than ever was seen by any."

Terror halted deliberations in the Connecticut Legislature as the city of Hartford was blotted out. A member of the Senate offered a motion to adjourn. But Colonel John Davenport of Stamford leaped to his feet and sharply demurred. "Mr. Speaker, I am against this motion. The Day of Judgment is approaching, or it is not. If it is not, there is no need of adjourning. If it is, I desire to be found doing my duty. I move that candles be brought and that we proceed."



Shamed by his fortitude, his fellow-members voted to go on with the session.

And there were some women, too, who remained unafraid. Mrs. Robert Bratte, who lived on a farm along the Deerfield River near Whitingham, Vermont, kept her poise and despite the darkness resolutely set out a young apple tree that day. For many years it bore excellent fruit, becoming widely known as "Grandmother's Tree." Likewise Mrs. Edward Augustus Hoke of Salem, wife of the first president of the Massachusetts Medical Society, appears to have been free from undue alarm. She gave little space to the event in her diary:

May 19—Uncommon dark. Began at 10 o'clock a.m. Dined by candle light.

Samuel Thompson of Woburn, also in the Bay State, some time justice of the peace, parish clerk, church deacon, land surveyor, and member of the Legislature, dealt with the blackout in his journal:

It began to grow dark between 9 and 10, and the darkness increased by degrees until after 12, when it was darker than usual on a starlight night. Candles were lighted at midday and the people were astonished and afrighted, calling to mind passages of sacred writ. . . .

Gradually the darkness departed, the deacon wrote, "and the natural day revisited the earth about 3 o'clock in the afternoon." Woburn being only fifteen miles from the ocean, this early clearance of the black shroud from that area suggests the possibility that it was dissipated by a sea wind.

Weather conditions on the momentous day were set forth in an account left by a resident of Norton, another Massachusetts village—supposedly Apollos Leonard. Norton is a few miles from Taunton. The account states:

Thunder in the morning after break of the day; the forenoon very dark, and some rain; the appearance of the clouds very yellow. About 12 o'clock . . . lighted a candle to . . . dine; by about 1 the darkness increased greatly—continued to grow darker until half past 1 o'clock. In the greatest darkness could hardly see R. Leonard's house or barn, and the shadows of persons in the room were as perceptible on the wall by reason of the light of the candle as at any time in the night, and about that time the darkness abated, and 10 minutes after 2 o'clock there was a sprinkle of rain; half after 3 o'clock the darkness entirely dispelled. . . . The yellow appearance after the light ushered in left the horizon very soon.

Young Dr. Samuel Tenney, a physician from Exeter, New Hampshire, was just ending an army furlough, and on that day was visiting his father in Rowley, a dozen miles

south of Newburyport, Mass. Experimenting, he found that a sheet of white paper held a few inches from his eyes was equally invisible with the blackest velvet. Next morning he left on horseback to rejoin his regiment in New Jersey. His inquiries on that journey and after his return from the war indicated that the darkness was deepest in the Massachusetts county of Essex, of which Salem was one of the three seats; in the lower part of New Hampshire, and in the Province of Maine. There were two strata of clouds. He wrote:

In New Jersey the second stratum was observed, but not of any great thickness; nor was the darkness very uncommon. . . . Through the whole extent the lower stratum had an uncommon brassy hue. . . . This gradual increase of the darkness from Southwest to Northeast, which was nearly the course of the clouds, affords a pretty good argument in favor of the supposition that they were condensed by two strong currents of winds blowing in opposite directions. To these two strata of clouds we may, without hesitation, impute the extraordinary darkness of the day.

The editors of the *Connecticut Gazette* in New London in their issue of May 26 acknowledged their "incapacity of describing the phenomenon which appeared in this town on Friday last, and shall therefore leave it to the astronomers, whose more particular business

it is." But diligent hunting by the present writer has turned up comment by only a single member of that profession. In an age when the term "philosophy" was often used to denote physics, or natural philosophy, Sir William Herschel, the British astronomer, dismissed the subject by saying:

The Dark Day in Northern America was one of those wonderful phenomena which will always be read of with interest, but which philosophy is at a loss to explain.

## II

Some of the guesses about the cause of that blackout, voiced by awed spectators, included an eclipse of the sun, a transit of Venus or Mercury upon the sun's disc, a blazing star supposed to have come between the earth and the sun, and some of the credulous even entertained a rumor that "a mountain obstructed the rays of the sun's light."

The most plausible explanation, however, and one offered by several commentators, was that the blackness resulted from forest fires, "the smoke of which was borne through the upper regions of the atmosphere, to fall when it came to a locality of less buoyant air, down to the lower strata." On that day "the smell of burning leaves"

was noticed by a reader signing himself Viator, who wrote to the *Boston Gazette* about it.

Observations by Dr. Samuel Williams, professor of mathematics and philosophy at Harvard University, strongly support the forest-fire theory. The darkness seemed to appear first in the southwest, he recalled in an account written for the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and published in 1785:

It was evident as far east as Falmouth; we hear of it reaching the furthest parts of Connecticut, and Albany. To the southward it was observed all along the seacoasts, and to the north, as far as our settlements extend. . . . For several days the air appeared to be full of smoke and vapor. . . . Early in the morning the weather was cloudy; the sun was but just visible through the clouds, and appeared of a deep red, as it had for several days before.

The Harvard professor notes that at Ipswich a gentleman found a light scum over the rainwater which people then saved in tubs. Rubbing it between thumb and finger, the Ipswich gentleman found it to be "the black ashes of burnt leaves; the water gave the same sooty smell which we have observed in the air." In this part of America, Professor Williams pointed out,

it is customary to make large fires in the woods for the purpose of clearing the lands in the new settlements. This was the case this spring in a much

greater degree than is common. . . . In addition to what arises from evaporation, and those exhalations which are constant and natural, a much larger quantity of vapor arose from those large and numerous fires, which extended all around our frontiers. As the weather had been clear, the air heavy, and the winds small and variable for several days, the vapors, instead of disappearing, must have been rising and constantly collecting in the air, until the atmosphere became highly charged with an uncommon quantity of them.

Large stretches of dark scum floated on the surface of the Merrimack River on that nineteenth of May. Dr. Williams examined specimens of this. It was kindred to the film cited by the Ipswich man — "the black ashes of burnt leaves, without any sulphureous mixtures." And he told of a letter from Dover, New Hampshire, reporting that small birds had been found dead from suffocation.

Next day the sun shone, and New England's people began to breathe freely again. But thousands of them had been profoundly stirred. Individually and in groups the God-fearing gave heartfelt thanks for having been spared from the indefinable horror that had hung over them. Henceforth, they vowed, they would lead better lives and would strive to be worthy of living in a sunlit world.

# THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

## *The Best Play of the Season*

SIDNEY KINGSLEY's *The Patriots* represents almost everything for which I normally have no critical appetite, yet in my opinion it is, up to the time of writing, the worthiest play of this theatrical year. Its disfigurements are numerous, beginning with its very title which pokes the flag right up our noses. It relies for its final fillip upon Jefferson's eloquent inaugural address, much as Sherwood relied upon Lincoln's own ringing words to excite the Pulitzer prize committee into the conviction that Sherwood had probably also ghosted the Gettysburg Address. It unwarrantedly, by way of theatricalizing the ideological conflict between Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton, makes the latter now and again indistinguishable from the conventional melodramatic stage villain, and it at times so stacks the cards that one momentarily expects Hermann the Great to be revealed as a member of Washington's Cabinet. It goes in heavily for my pet aversion, analogies and parallels between the past and

present. Its dream passage involving Jefferson and his wife is of stage valentine lace all compact, and its scene wherein Hamilton's wife learns of his infidelity is pop out of the Henry Arthur Jones bottle. And it suggests fleetingly the "there's an ugly rumor about" species of historical drama.

It is all this, and more. Yet so honest is it at bottom, so unostentatious in its deeper dramatic current, so intelligently in general handled, and so genuinely stirring in its overtones and after-image that it amounts in sum not only to the most critically acceptable full-length offering of the season but to one of the most skilful historical-biographical plays our American theatre has shown. If it has its blemishes, they are forgivable in the play's final driving effect.

Treating of the ten years in Jefferson's life just preceding his election to the Presidency, the exhibit concerns itself with his vision of the true democracy, with the plutocratic forces arrayed in all sincerity against him, and with his

battle to achieve the security of the young nation and its people. With negligible rant, with some gratifying humor and with passion brewed from cold intelligence, the drama, for all its red-white-and-blue title, never descends to mere patriotic benzedrine, seldom falters on its dignified course, and always, save in a rather cinematic prologue and some of that Hamilton business, maintains its inner probity.

It is an old theatrical saw that one of the highest hurdles an historical-biographical play has to leap is the difficulty of the actors in approximating the looks and deportment of the magnificoes it deals with. There is much sarcasm about padded legs, unruly wigs and the like, along with a general implication that the actors have apparently just stepped out of a Madame Tussaud fire sale and constitute an affront to the illustrious men they seek to impersonate. That this is sometimes true, I would be the last to deny. But that every now and then the actors not only pass very well in both looks and deportment for the heroes they depict, I would be the first to affirm. What is more, they often in such cases probably look a lot more like and comport themselves a lot more like the greats than our ill-founded imaginations allow.

That Washington and Jefferson, for example, had just as much trouble keeping their wigs and hair ribbons straight as the actors Humphreys and Johnson, who impersonate them in this play, is doubtless the family fact. That Humphreys actually looks a great deal more like Washington and Johnson considerably more like Jefferson than the Gilbert Stuart paintings which flattered the former and the postage stamp which ziegfelds the latter is not hard to believe. And that both estimable gentlemen frequently looked and conducted themselves less like the historical *matinée* idols we have come to think than like maybe Albert Lasker and Bernie Baruch in knee breeches, perukes and peculiar haberdashery is a good bet for anybody's money.

Although Kingsley's play does not abandon all the customary august paralysis in the instance of its figures, it at least gestures very satisfactorily in that direction. Which is a credit to his careful research.

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*More Boom-Boom.* — Those critics who maintain that plays which do not concern themselves with contemporary events are out of place in our present theatre are certainly getting their wish's bellyful,

and it serves them right. Since it is obviously the war they have uppermost in mind, they thus far this season have ironically been made to eat most of their words (though they have made a fine show of concealing their gulps) under the pressure of no less than eleven successive straight war dramas, five war comedies, three plays which have been replete in war analogies, one which has been sufficiently overlaid with war embroidery, three musical shows and revues which have had a war background, several vaudeville shows which have touched on the subject, three sidestreet semi-amateur dispensations that have dealt with it, and even one dog act that didn't miss the trick.

Their punishment, furthermore, got under nice way in the antecedent season with thirteen war dramas, ten plays more or less touching either directly or analogically upon the war, three musical shows that didn't permit themselves to overlook it, etc., etc.

Three of the more recent dramatic shovelsful of the contemporary stuff were *A Barber Had Two Sons*, by the MM. Duggan and Hogan; *Counterattack*, derived from the Russian of Vershinin and Rudderman by Janet and Philip Stevenson; and *This Rock*, by Walter

Livingston Faust. The first was a Hollywood-bred emotional explosion about a female Norwegian tonsorialist who, during the Nazi occupation, sacrifices her pet offspring to the Cause, and was unreserved junk. The second was a bombastic melodramatic contrast between captured Nazis and some Russians caught in a cellar on the Eastern front during a shelling which blocks the only exit, the Nazis black, the Russians lily-white. The third was a trashy amateur dose of sociology dealing with youngsters bombed out of the East End of London and housed in a rural English mansion. None of the three was one-twentieth so critically or any other way meet for the contemporary theatre as even some such minor so-called escape play as *The Pirate*.

And *Ask My Friend Sandy*, by Stanley Young, which sought to treat lightly of the war and its economics, was further added to the list of dire critic punishments.

The answer the critics in point probably make is that their argument is perfectly sound and that the wretched quality of most of the plays does not invalidate it. I regret to believe, however, that it does. Immediate events are most often the property of journalism; not of art. Art, for all the self-

ignitionists, is the result of analysis and meditation; journalism is the instantaneous shutter of a camera. The drama of war is mostly like that shutter: the record of the moment, and as evanescent. Only time can touch up the crude picture, and bring out its hidden lights and shadows, and lend it some value and beauty and permanence. For one exception, there are a hundred mere transient snapshots. Furthermore, although the remark seems superficially ill-placed, will not the critics agree that the love of man for woman, the glory of aloof art, the search of mankind for values far above any worldly conflict — will they not agree that such things are every bit as part of contemporary life as the thunders of the war guns? They will, of course, not.

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*Bull Market In Humor.* — While the current season has been a rueful one so far as serious drama is concerned, it has been something of a picnic in the matter of laughter, which makes it all right with a couple of million theatregoers, not including six or seven critics. As a matter of fact, it has been such a good year in stage jocosity that even some of the poorest plays and worst failures have contributed their modest share. One of the live-

liest laughs of the season, for example, was that in the failure, *Strip For Action*, when the solemn Chief-of-Staff of the United States Army is impertinently asked by a soldier who has got into trouble in connection with the presentation of a strip-tease burlesque show at an Army camp if he has ever seen a burlesque show. "Yes," quietly allows the old gentleman, "Justice Holmes and I used to drop in on a burlesque show occasionally." To say nothing of the laugh that resulted just before when the strip-teaser exclaims, "Wait a minute, General. These boys are fighting for American womanhood, aren't they?," and the Chief replies, "They certainly are," and the girl thereupon returns, "Well, let's show 'em what they're fighting for."

Or the laugh evoked in the turkey, *Little Darling*, when the elderly widower moans about his great loneliness to his young daughter and the latter hands him a newspaper flashlight of himself and a cutie and drily observes, "Yes, there's you brooding at El Morrocco."

Or the episode in the dreary *Sweet Charity* wherein one of the females under the influence of marijuana sits on a table, takes off her shoes, drops them delicately one after the other in the waste-

basket and then, after archly surveying her stockinged great toe, peremptorily employs it to goose an august member of the Chamber of Commerce.

Or, yet again, in the failure, *The Willow and I*, the small boy who assiduously exercises himself in driving the colored female cook crazy, with the latter indignantly rushing in from the kitchen at one point and, asked what the trouble now is, replies, "Now he wants to know what God smells like!"

But the successes, naturally, have been the sources of the true belly-shakers. Among the dozen or so honeys in *The Doughgirls*, for example, none is friskier than that which brings down the curtain on the first act. At the very beginning of the act, the lover of one of the three loose females who hasn't seen her for some time tells her he will send up a bottle of champagne to their Washington hotel room and that they will drink it that night, when they are alone again, in celebration of their reunion. After three-quarters of an hour and when everybody has forgotten about the matter the bottle is delivered by a bellboy into the hands of an old Army general who happens to be in the now overflowing room. Not knowing whom it is for, he scrutinizes the attached

card, scratches his head, and observes, "Hm. Well, anyway, very patriotic" — and reads: "We did it before and we'll do it again."

An equal buster is that in the last act of *Dark Eyes*. Two of the Russian women on the make in America, finding themselves still down on their luck, resolve to commit suicide by drinking what they believe to be poison. As they are theoretically in the throes of death and desperately, violently ill, the Long Island deadpan Negro butler shuffles to the door of the bathroom wherein they are writhing and groaning and calls out, "I want to take this opportunity to thank you ladies for the lovely necktie you gave me." Not to mention the scene in which the elderly Long Island millionaire in whose house the Russian women are staying and who is completely oblivious to the sex attraction of either of them is thought to have concupiscent designs on one and is third-degreed by them as to his grossly lascivious intentions.

I appreciate that what is highly comical when delivered from the stage often seems pretty flat when reduced to cold print but, as in these other instances, if you want to explode your belt hie yourself to *Show Time* and get yourself a load of George Jessel made up as a



frowzy, near-sighted Czechoslovakian refugee lecturer and mistaking the colored lantern slide of a nude woman for Niagara Falls (here, it's up to your imagination), or of Jack Haley proudly telling how he came on from California with a compartment all his own but how peculiar it seemed to him that they should lock him in every time the train stopped at a station. Or go around to *Something For The Boys* and listen to the miser whose passion is hoarding counterfeit money. Or to *The Pirate* and Alfred Lunt's hypnotism of the all-too-willing Lynn Fontanne into a confession of her amorous predilections. Or, so comprehensive is the flood, even to one of the sidestreet amateur exhibits wherein a papa asks his

soldier son in training in Atlantic City where he is staying down there. "At the Benjamin Franklin Hotel," replies the son. "But the Benjamin Franklin," says papa, "is in Philadelphia." "Oh," says the son, "no wonder it's such a long walk to the beach."

I hear you groan to yourselves, "So that's what the theatre and dramatic criticism have come to!" Well, if you don't like it, you can go right back where you came from. Which is to say, to the straight-faced war drama claptrap, the solemn ten-cent murder mysteries, the cute plays about adolescents, and the spectacles of former stage actors and actresses who have sojourned in Hollywood again trying to act.

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## VISION

BY JOHN ROBERT QUINN

THAT which men see beyond the wall  
 Outlasts and is more fair  
 Than any scene within the skull.  
 The spicewood branch gone bare  
 Is hung with beauty sharp and real  
 As that which doubting hands can feel.

The substance of all loveliness  
 Is something set apart;  
 It does not wither like the grass  
 Or shatter like the heart.  
 The flesh will crumble to be sure,  
 But the flower of living shall endure.

# DOWN TO EARTH

By ALAN DEVOE

## *The Red Squirrel*

As scientists and religious philosophers and plain men all agree, in their varying fashions, we all carry within us certain very ancient memories. A certain profound and inward part of us is still, as science readily points out, a primordial creature with gills. There is a hidden trove in us — to employ the admirable phrase of

a Catholic writer, C. G. Paulding — of “Edenic memories”: memories going back and back to our glad initial human day in a far and blessed Garden. It is from these profound memories, from this heritage of our ancient community and oneness with all creation and with its Source, that we derive our protoplasmic conscience: a con-



*The Red Squirrel*

Frank Utpatel

science deeper and stronger than any passing convention or transiently imposed morality. It is from the subliminal depths of ancient memory that we draw many a curious fear, and many a curious love, which often enough conflict disastrously with the cultural pattern of the modern civilization in which we find ourselves. And, most joyously, it is surely from the depths of Edenic memory that we are stirred and moved in contemplating the happy innocencies, the glad unknowing life-fulfillings, of animals.

No man can so layer-over his protoplasmic self with sophisticated pretendings that he does not respond, and with a very odd stirring in his depths, to the look in the eyes of a dog. That is why in the United States we have twenty million dogs. No man can pretend, however much he puff himself up with solemnity or dignity or slick smart-aleckness, that there does not stir in him an Eden-dream, an ancient nostalgia and a far-off poignant recollection, when he sees a small boy fishing in a country creek. That is why print-shops sell pictures of rustic fisher-lads, in this day of mechanical civilization and of the proud pretense that we have put away childish things and the child-simplicities of the heart, by

the hundreds of thousands. And it is emphatically why — to come at long last to the nub of these observations — men have everywhere a cherishing for the little animal called chickaree, the red squirrel.

Hard-bitten loggers, in the far north, do not always smile easily, except at rather bitter and brutal jests; but they smile at the goings and comings of the red squirrels in the camps. Suburban stockbrokers do not always easily shed the proud pretense of briskness and hardness; but their hearts can be touched, no less than their children's, by the antics of the small furry climber and chatterer that Ojibway Indians call Adjidaumo — "tail-in-the-air." For a red squirrel has a kind of irrepressible gayness and gladness which goes straight to the heart of that small boy, that dawn-age man, that natural animal, which lives on forever in the deep memory of all of us, as individuals and as race. A red squirrel is forever a creature of cheeriness and frolic, of light-heartedness and exuberant spontaneity; and the most dour or the most jadedly world-weary of us must be poignantly reminded that once we too had the glow of that spirit freely in us, in that distant uncorrupted day of which biologists and theologians tell in only superficially

differing idioms.

Red squirrels inhabit almost all the forested regions of the country, with small specific and sub-specific variations. The common red squirrel of the eastern States, *Sciurus hudsonicus*, may be found scampering among the evergreen branches, whickering and chattering and investigating and exuberating, throughout most of forested North America. Chickaree is a small squirrel, the smallest of the tree-climbing diurnal squirrels, his length almost six inches less than that of the heavy-bodied and staid gray squirrels which in their long frequenting of our sooty parks and dragged dooryards sometimes become nearly as bereft of the spirit of wild freedom as have we ourselves. Though he venture sometimes into the suburbs, chickaree is essentially an animal of the woods and the wilderness solitudes. Chickaree's body is lithe for climbing and leaping; his bushy tail is flattened to serve for steadying him in his flying arcs from conifer to conifer; his pointed ears are tufted and alert to catch every forest-sound. The color of him, on the back, is the color of a fox: a tawny rufous that glows brightly in winter against the whiteness of the snow and in summer shows a rusty flash as he rushes and scampers among

the somber pines. Underneath, his winter coat is snowily white, his summer coat a less conspicuous yellowish gray. Around each of chickaree's eyes, the brightest and alertest and sharpest-watching eyes of any creature in the woods, there is an outlining ring of white.

## II

A red squirrel's days begin in the late spring, usually May or June. He is born as one of a single annual litter of four or five, and the place of his birth is most frequently a deserted woodpecker hole or a hollow in a stump, though if neither of these is handy his parents may have built, in a high fork of a pine, a nest of twigs and leaves and shredded bark, its inside quilted with soft grasses and dry moss. Here, for the first few weeks of his life, he lives quietly enough with his small fellows. But by latter August he has sufficiently matured to come out and look for the first time at the forest world around him. From the first instant of his life-experience, in this world pungent with resinous scents and musical with bird-sounds and bright with sky, he appears to be in a kind of ecstasy about it, daft with the excitement of the earth. From this first instant, it is almost true to

say, chickaree can never again keep still. He shivers and trembles with the mere experience of livingness, with the scents to be smelled and the sounds to be heard and the enormous curiosities to be investigated. He is off and away among the branches with a rush and a tumultuous momentum which will not be quieted until death.

The concerns of a red squirrel are the same serious concerns as those of every other animal — to find food, to evade or defeat enemies, to survive the elements — but chickaree does not go somberly about them. He early selects, as do many other wild creatures, a “territory,” an area of the woods which he marks off as his own; and within its watchfully protected confines he sets about the business of feeding and frolicking and dealing with his enemies with a zest and exuberance which are like an exaggerated symbol of the happy spirit that dwells in all wild nature’s heart. Even chickaree’s small and frenzied angers are hardly to be distinguished from a merriment.

The problem of feeding presents no difficulty to him. When they are available, he eats nuts and pine-cones. With equal enthusiasm he eats insects. He also eats (and his eating is nearly incessant, in a wild scurrying and munching and

tail-twitching and pleased chittering) flowers, leaves, buds, birds’ eggs, bits of meat, grass, weed-seeds and very nearly any other object that is not stone. The filling of his small white furry belly is for chickaree only a continuous and entertaining adventure. In Spring-times, he derives amusement from rushing up the maples, slitting their bark, and drinking the sweet sap. In summer, he nibbles at mushrooms, squeaking with special delight when he can have a morsel of *Amanita muscaria*. To most other creatures, including man, it is deadly poison; but chickaree is immune to it. In the autumns, he gathers nuts and pine-cones for winter storage in hollow tree or rock cranny; and his activity is all so tumultuous, the pace of his days so rushing and scampering and never still, that, even though he has no cheek-pouches, as a chipmunk has, he has no trouble in accumulating a cache of as much as a bushel and a half before the heavy snows come.

If food-getting for chickaree is only a gaiety, so is most else in his life. When he is not eating, he is investigating. At one instant he is in the top of a pine tree; in the next instant he has rushed pell-mell down the trunk, raced across a clearing, and is in the top of a

maple; seconds later he is scrabbling in a madness of enchanted excitement at a pile of leaf-mould to find out what is under it. Around and around and up and down: he is never satiated with the excitement and astonishment of existence. If he sits very still for a moment on a limb, it is because he is pressing his small muzzle against it, listening to the vibrations it carries. The vibrations mean a woodpecker; and a woodpecker means new reason for chickaree to sit up on his haunches, twitch his tail with furious agitation, and emit entranced whickeringings of gleeful amazement. When a bluejay enters his territory, there is cause for chickaree to rush in demented spirals around a tree-trunk and scream at the top of his small lungs.

If a fox is sighted, the sight is never stale; chickaree must whicker and chipper and chitter and stamp his hind-feet in a paroxysm of agitation over the thing. Any sight, any sound, any smell, and chickaree is as wildly stirred to expression — pleased, impudent, scolding, amazed, deliriously delighted — as though, in reversal of the weary dictum, there were nothing but new things under the sun. Even encounter with enemies cannot damp him. He is quite capable, if he is chased by a fox or a weasel

in a treeless place, of heading for the nearest body of water, leaping into it, swimming a mile, coming up on the far shore, and instantly ascending the nearest stump to snicker uproariously, with antical bobbings and hoppings, in his customary ecstasy of entertainment over this newest adventure.

A man's primitive heart, his wilderness-heart, may be so layered-over by his civilized preoccupations that the old memories sleeping in it cannot easily be wakened. Perhaps the sight of a tree or a dawn or a flight of honking geese may fail to touch him. But it must be a rare man, and something of a lost man, who can watch chickaree in his goings and comings and irrepressible life-exultings without feeling a stir in him of a very old and very precious memory of the boyhood of himself and of the race. And it must certainly be a man whose heart were dead in him who could watch untouchedly one special secret ritual of chickaree's. This secret thing, happening usually in the dawn when chickaree fancies himself alone and unobserved among the pine boughs, is the utterance of a little twittering warble. It is not a mating-call, not a chatter of interest. It is only that a small red squirrel is glad to be alive; and he is singing.

# THE LIBRARY

## *Four Men of Science*

BY WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT

NEWTON and Leibniz developed infinitesimal calculus independently and simultaneously. Darwin and Wallace evolved the theory of natural selection without knowing of each other's work. Semmelweiss in Europe and Oliver Wendell Holmes in the United States discovered the infectious nature of childbirth fever independently. Hall in Ohio and Hérault in France hit upon the same electrical way of making aluminum within two months of each other. Edison in this country and Swann in England invented identical electric lamps at about the same time.

This phenomenon of simultaneous discovery and invention has led sociologists to the conclusion that in a highly developed community geniuses are about as common as men who are over six feet tall and that it is not the genius who gives society a new impetus but society that inspires the genius to discover and invent what it wants. Given the right social con-

ditions, inventions and discoveries are inevitable. The phenomenon of simultaneous discovery and invention proves it.

All this does not mean that we can dispense with the genius. Though the culture of his time may give him his opportunity he has the gift of seeing relationships to which others are blind. It is this gift that sets such outstanding scientists as Newton and Einstein apart. It was also the gift of James Willard Gibbs, the most distinguished creative scientist this country has ever produced, yet a man whose name means nothing to the multitude. To Muriel Rukeyser<sup>1</sup> goes the credit of having resurrected him in the only full-length biography extant.

Gibbs was so self-effacing a professor at Yale from 1871 to 1903 that few of his academic colleagues knew who he was or exactly what he was lecturing about. Here was a

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<sup>1</sup> Willard Gibbs. \$3.50. Doubleday, Doran.

man who never performed a chemical experiment in his life, yet placed chemistry on its engineering feet — made such things as synthetic rubber and plastics industrially possible. Like other recluses he would probably have been horrified if he had been told that he was doing something highly useful when he mathematically investigated states of matter and showed how they could be predicted. Nothing is so impractical as a practical man, and this because he flounders from one failure to another before achieving success. And nothing is so practical as a theory that works. Gibbs would have been astounded to learn that because he was a sound theorist he was an eminently practical person.

Precisely what was the accomplishment of Gibbs? Do not be alarmed when I tell you that he applied the second law of thermodynamics to chemistry. For this famous “second law” means simply that hot bodies cool off, that water must be raised if it is to fall, that clocks must be wound up after they have run down, that the universe is doomed to end in chaos. All this was known and developed in certain laws before Gibbs. Engineers had applied the second of these laws successfully in designing efficient steam-engines and ice-ma-

chines. But chemists could do nothing with it. And this because any lump of matter is so much more complicated than liquid water or vaporous steam that the states in which it can exist are not easily predictable.

Steam is composed of atoms which are arranged in molecules, as everybody knows. Solid matter is also an arrangement of atoms and molecules. The present state of any piece of matter is inherent in its past states, just as steam is inherent in a pail of water. If there were a way of mathematically handling the exact position, path and speed of every molecule in the universe it would be possible to deduce the whole cosmic past and future. Since such minutely detailed knowledge is impossible the best that a mathematician can do is to handle molecules much as a life-insurance actuary handles a whole population. No actuary can say just when any one person in a metropolis will be born or when he will die. But a good one can say how many will be born on a given day, how many will die of pneumonia, how many will marry and have children.

Gibbs dealt with molecules of matter somewhat in this way. That is, he dealt with probabilities. His problem was far more difficult than that of the life insurance actuary;



for, as I have said, he had to see relationships that had escaped others, he had to deal with many variables at a time, and he had to create his own mathematical techniques. He juggled these variables so that any one with the proper training could determine in what states black carbon could exist as a diamond, for example. All that he gave the world was a mathematical procedure. Those who mastered that procedure were able to pluck fertilizers and nylon stockings out of the atmosphere, to derive high-octane gasoline from refinery gases, to discover in coal tar a whole arsenal of high explosives, whole drug-stores full of medicines, whole palettes of gorgeous colors.

Miss Rukeyser, a poet of parts, tells this story about as well as it can be told. In her pages Gibbs lives again — a kindly, shy figure ignored by his Main Street contemporaries but honored by all the great chemists and physicists of Europe. Why did he happen to attract her? Possibly because he, too, was a poet in his mathematical way. His equations are as romantic as any lyric ever penned by an Elizabethan poet. They reveal a wildly improbable world in which a kettle of water may freeze if put on a fire or all the salt in the ocean may spontaneously pile up in one place.

But there is no floundering. Gibbs knows exactly what he wants to do, proceeds to do it, and shows what is probable and improbable in chemistry.

## II

When we come to Morse and the Wrights we have a different story to tell. Every inventor has something of the scientist in him. That is, he must have a sound theory, and he must test his work at every step. But because he is an empiricist he performs a hundred experiments before he sees the light, whereas a Gibbs never experiments and has to shield his eyes from a glare in order to see at all.

Unlike Gibbs, Morse had the self-assurance of an operatic tenor. The standard portrait of him shows him plastered with decorations awarded by potentates and legislatures. Because he was the leading American portrait painter of his time, because he invented none too successful pumps as a youth, because he dabbled in daguerreotypy, because he was a vigorous anti-Abolitionist pamphleteer in the bombastic fashion of the Civil War Mr. Mabec calls him the "American Leonardo."<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>2</sup> American Leonardo: A Life of Samuel F. B. Morse, by Carleton Mabec. \$5.00. Knopf.

What astonishes the historian of technology is the amazing innocence of Morse. He conceived the telegraph on a voyage from England to America. So sure was he that he had the world by the scruff of the neck that before he walked down the gangway he cockily told the captain: "Well, if you hear of the telegraph remember that it was born on the good ship Sully." This artistic babe in the woods was utterly unaware of the successful telegraphs that Europeans had invented before him. If he had known of them it is possible that he would not have invented the instrument and the code that bear his name. Even when he did learn the history of his invention he fought hard in the courts for recognition as the one and only inventor who had ever used electromagnetism in telegraphy — a fight which he lost, though his patents were sustained to his great financial advantage.

Unlike other biographers of Morse, Mr. Mabee approaches his task with commendable objectivity. Morse is pictured not as the man who gave the world its first successful telegraph but as an assembler of well-known principles and elements. The appraisal is not belittling. In his own way Morse was a synthesizer, which means that he effected a new combination

of old elements and produced a new result — no mean accomplishment. But unlike most other synthesizers he considered himself an instrument in the hands of God, so that to him the telegraph becomes a revelation from on high. This was the devout Calvinist in him — the Calvinist who loathed Unitarians and despised Catholicism because it was to him only a political system.

The Wright Brothers,<sup>3</sup> about whom Mr. Kelly writes effectively but with about as much objectivity as if he were delivering a Fourth-of-July oration, were much like Morse. They, too, were synthesizers. Every one of the elements of the Wright flying-machine was old. But again the combination was new. In the last analysis the Wrights did more than invent a successful airplane. They discovered the art of flying. Before them would-be flyers had thrown themselves about on motorless gliding machines in a desperate effort to prevent themselves from capsizing. Hence the early history of flying is a history of broken necks. The Wrights showed how the pressure of the air could be shifted by the pull of a lever. Acrobatics disappeared. Commercial flying became a reality.

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<sup>3</sup> The Wright Brothers, by Fred C. Kelly. \$3.50. *Harcourt, Brace.*

The famous Wright brothers are usually held up as inspired tinkerers of the Yankee whittler type. Never would the airplane have been invented if it had been left to tinkerers and whittlers. Much scientific work had been done by whirling surfaces through the air. The Wrights were not satisfied with the conclusions reached.

Accordingly they experimented with crude wind-tunnels of their own and made their own measurements. Without such strictly engineering studies there would have been no flying-machine. With this part of the Wrights' achievement Mr. Kelly deals with admirable simplicity and justice. But he fails to mention many fine predecessors of the Wrights who sailed for short distances through the air on gliders long before there were gasoline engines.

### III

How great was Morse and how great were the Wrights? There can be no question about the importance of their achievements. It is significant that the eminent inventors and discoverers are prolific. Newton, for example, enriched the world with a dozen great discoveries. Edison patented about 1500 inventions, and nearly all of them

were of importance. Bell, Morse and the Wrights have only single outstanding inventions to their credit. If frequency of invention is an indication of imagination then the man of but one great instrument or machine must be relegated to a minor rank in the army of technological revolutionists. This holds good for the fine arts as well as for science and technology. Rembrandt painted about 700 canvasses in his lifetime. Mozart left nearly a thousand first-class compositions despite his early death. Shakespeare had a score of great plays to his credit. Dickens and Thackeray filled a shelf with novels, most of them good. Imagination of the highest order is always prolific. The argument detracts not in the least from what Morse, Bell and the Wrights accomplished, but it cannot be ignored in appraising minds.

Lincoln is credited with the remark "I did not make events; events made me." And so it is with scientists and inventors. What is discovered and invented is determined largely by social circumstances and by the technical heritage of society. As a resident in southern France 25,000 years ago Morse would have contented himself with painting bisons and antelopes on cave walls, and the Wrights

correspondingly placed would probably have improved spears and hatchets. The technical heritage was then so meager that there was no possibility of inventing the telegraph or the airplane. Nor was there the social necessity. A community has aspirations, usually expressed in Daedalus and Jules Verne fantasies. If it yearns hard enough to communicate over great distances electrically, or to fly, it will some day acquire a telegraph and a flying machine. The inventor who gives it the telegraph or the flying machine simply short-circuits these social yearnings, and when the time is ripe, which means a time when enough scientific information has been acquired, the inventions are forthcoming.

It follows that no biography of a scientist or inventor is complete unless it properly relates its subject to his social surroundings. Gibbs appeared at a time when industrial chemistry could not make much progress without his mathematical investigations of matter. Morse turned up in a country so vast that it needed his electrical means of communication. The Wrights entered the scene at a time when light gasoline engines could be made and when an immense amount of spade work had been done in aerodynamics. Both Miss Rukeyser

and Mr. Mabee are well aware of these relationships. Mr. Kelly, on the other hand, treats the Wrights as if they owed nothing to the social aspirations of their early twentieth-century America. Yet his biography is the one that will please the reading public most, because it skilfully follows the sure-fire Samuel Smiles success formula of the local boys who made good.

Why was Gibbs all but ignored and why were Morse and the Wrights acclaimed? Social circumstances supply the answer. Herman Melville and Walt Whitman belong to the Gibbs period, and neither was popular. America was so busy making money, blasting galleries in gold mines, laying railway tracks that it had no taste for artists (as Morse found out) or for philosophers. It also had still less taste for deep mathematical ruminations. On the other hand it had a decided taste for inventors who could create new money-making industries. Its taste is changing, which is again a social symptom. Mathematical physicists are riding high, so that it would be hardly possible for a Gibbs to die in obscurity nowadays. The garret-inventors of the Morse and Wright type, on the other hand, are on the decline. Their places are already pre-empted by the organized re-

search chemists, physicists and engineers of the industrial laboratories — men who will never have to borrow ten dollars, as Morse did, to stave off starvation, but who know how to make the most of the solid accomplishments of theorists of whom the world knew little. The future of technology belongs to the Gibbsses rather than to the garret inventors.



BLIND DATE WITH MARS, by Alice Leone Moats. \$3.00. *Doubleday Doran*. As was to be expected, the more solemn members of the tribe of book tasters have been deeply offended by this volume. Especially those who can't take straight talking on Stalin's amazing realm have been horrified. One can understand why. This one is entirely out of the foreign-correspondent pattern. There are no heroics, no world-shaking judgments, no attempt to solve problems. Miss Moats has had a terrific experience — a two-year magazine assignment that took her to Japan, Indo-China, Singapore, China, Russia, the Near East and Africa in the midst of a global war — and she reports it in highly personal terms.

Miss Moats is the saucy and pulchritudinous young lady who about a decade ago wrote *No Nice Girl Swears*. If that title still holds good, *Blind Date With Mars* leaves some doubt as to whether she is a nice girl. She is certainly no orthodox correspondent, and her book is a most unorthodox account of what she did and saw and thought. In relation to people and things which Miss Moats did not like she is outspoken to the point of

embarrassment, though she is handsomely generous to other people and things. In the balance, unquestionably, malice outweighs the rest. The author is frank with the frankness that only self-assured females can muster.

The miracle of the book, however, is that despite its chatty manners and its scandalous overtones, it presents a lot of unvarnished information somehow missed by the more organized and more self-conscious reporters. Whether in Singapore or Chungking, Kuibishev or Teheran, Miss Moats manages to get under the surface of official formulas and pretences. She conveys the "feel" of Japan, China, Russia, and a lot of the less standardized facts. This is the only book about wartime Russia, for instance, where the startling and unpleasant story of the millions of uprooted Poles driven into that country by the Red Army before June, 1941, is recounted without hemming and hawing. The same is true of an array of other stories in every country and city that came under Miss Moats' unsentimental scrutiny.

It's an unusual, unconventional, sometimes annoying book, and likely to prosper on the attacks it will draw.

E. L.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE FIFTH COLUMN, by George Fort Milton. \$3.50. *Vanguard*. Out-and-out traitors, peace-at-any-pricers, and the merely dubious made the saving of the Union a more complicated problem than merely the winning of battles and issuance of proclamations. Lincoln used the big stick, interpreting Presidential powers in time of war with a latitude not surpassed since; yet some of his lieutenants, notably General Burnside, used it a lot less adroitly. This angle of the Civil War is, of course, particularly timely now, but Milton has been at the job a good while, is in good repute as a Civil War expert because of earlier studies. A one-time newspaperman, he writes efficiently, informatively.

MEMORIES OF HAPPY DAYS, by Julian Green. \$3.00. *Harper's*. Childhood and com-

ing of age, mostly in Paris, a city for which Julian Green has a deep affection and of which his nostalgic writing makes many a lyrical page in this book. The son of American parents, he was born in Paris and grew up to write — famously — in French. This is his first book, now that he is in the United States, to be written in English. It is told in an impeccable style and has great charm. Spanning 1900–1928, it precedes in time his earlier published reminiscences, “Personal Record.”

**AN ANTHOLOGY OF CONTEMPORARY LATIN-AMERICAN POETRY**, edited by Dudley Fitts. \$3.50. *New Directions*. A collection of new translations of the work of ninety-three Latin-American poets of the last quarter century, together with the original texts in Spanish, Portuguese, and French. At the end are brief biographical and bibliographical notes.

**STUMP RANCH PIONEER**, by Nelle Portrey Davis. \$2.50. *Dodd, Mead*. In 1937, the Davises, made destitute by cruel fortune in the Colorado Dust Bowl, moved to the Panhandle of Idaho, near the Canadian border, to start life anew. In five years, they have done so well that now they are sure “we will always live here. We can’t picture a future for ourselves anywhere else.” Mrs. Davis relates the experiences of these five years in detail and with much relish.

**THE ROLE OF THE RACES IN OUR FUTURE CIVILIZATION**. 50 cents. *League for Industrial Democracy, New York*. A symposium, edited by Harry W. Laidler, on nearly every aspect of the race problem. Those participating include Sir Norman Angell, Lin Yutang, Walter White, Nathaniel Peffer, Norman Thomas, S. K. Ratcliffe, and some thirty others. Altogether an excellent pamphlet.

**A NEW HISTORY OF MUSIC**, by Henry Prunières. \$5.00. *Macmillan*. An excellent reference book on the lesser as well as major

figures in Western music from the days of the Gregorian chant to Mozart. Some of M. Prunières’ ideas differ from the generally accepted ones — in the realm of musical history as well as of criticism — and are persuasively presented. There is an introduction by Romain Rolland. The translation from the French is by Edward Lockspeiser.

**MEN OF TOMORROW**, edited by Thomas H. Johnson. \$2.00. *Putnam’s*. Nine essays, originally delivered as lectures at the end of the 1941–1942 year at the Lawrenceville School in New Jersey, by Herbert Agar, Pearl S. Buck, John Erskine, Earnest A. Hooton, Robert H. Jackson, Arthur Krock, Reinhold Niebuhr, Samuel Eliot Morison, and James Phinney Baxter. The essays are extraordinarily good, especially those by Professor Morison (“Germany and America, 1492–1942”), Herbert Agar (“America’s Responsibility in World History”) and Dr. Erskine (“Literature and the Arts”).

**REBELS AND GENTLEMEN**, by Carl and Jessica Bridenbaugh. \$3.50. *Reynal and Hitchcock*. Textbookish but informed studies of society in Philadelphia during the generation just before the Revolution. Hero Ben Franklin is kept off stage, the better to reveal the Philadelphian lights under his bushel. Theatre, schools, painting, music, literary matters are taken up thoroughly.

**THE FORGOTTEN HUME**, by Ernest Campbell Mossner. \$3.00. *The Columbia University Press*. A genuine contribution to a better understanding of the personality of David Hume, one of the towering philosophical figures of English history. He comes out of it as “Le bon David,” a man who went along steadily and calmly on his chosen way, making friends even with his numerous enemies, and in the end achieving exactly what he had set out to do at the beginning.

**BRITAIN AT WAR**, by J. B. Priestley. 35 cents. *Harper*. An excellent propaganda

(Continued on page 510)

# THE OPEN FORUM

## WHAT TO DO WITH THE GERMANS

*The editors of THE MERCURY have put before representative and well-informed Americans the question of what to do with the vanquished Germans when the victory is won. Last month we published letters from William Allen White, Hugh Gibson, Arthur J. Goldsmith, and Paul V. Bacon. Below we print letters from George Creel and James W. Gerard. We plan to publish more letters in future issues as space permits.*

SIR: Before a postwar policy with respect to Germany can be considered intelligently, there is a good deal of ground-clearing to be done. In many quarters, for example, the sentimental assumption still persists that Adolf Hitler does not represent the German people, but has imposed himself upon them by force, and that were he removed, either by defeat or death, his "victims" would return joyfully to their pipes and steins, poetry, symphonies and *Sängerfests*, and once again be seen and respected as a kindly, peaceful folk, abhorring war and unconcerned with conquest and world empire.

Even today, with occupied countries knowing every horror of enslavement at the hands of merciless German masters, there is still a somewhat general unwillingness to believe that Hitler's organized savagery reflects the popular will. It is a delusion that must compel Attila's laughter, for nothing stands more plain than that it is the German people who have struck their tents and are on the march, fused into a fanatical whole by the faith that world dominion is at once their destiny and high duty.

Save for a helpless, hopeless minority, Hitler is the German people and Hitlerism constitutes a perfect expression of the majority's mind, heart and soul because it is what Germans have been taught for more than a century; teachings taken in with mother's milk, and burned into consciousness throughout

adolescence and adult life by kindergartners, professors, poets, philosophers, historians, rulers, statesmen and soldiers. Steadily, systematically, generation by generation, until convictions of superiority and supremacy dominate the nation's thought and action.

Hitler, to be sure, proclaims his credo as original doctrine, born of his brooding over the sorrows and wrongs of an "oppressed people," but this, too, is without base in fact. The Will to Power, War Worship, the deification of the State, regimentation, Aryanism, the Pure Race, Master Morals and Herd Morals, anti-Semitism, blood lust and ill faith, all of it is old stuff, only given an effect of newness by the Führer's apocalyptic style. Every line of *Mein Kampf* was first written and better written by Fichte, Hegel, Clausewitz, Treitschke, Nietzsche, Bernhardt and others less famous but no less assured that the Germans were a Chosen People divinely appointed to rule the world.

It is in the deliberated, organized teachings of a century, rather than Hitler's rant, that German character is revealed, and German ideals made to stand clear. More than a century, in fact, for it was in 1807 that German teachers became drill masters and every German school a drill hall in which pupils were taught to regard peace as decadent, to look on war as necessary and ennobling, and to regard hate and violence as proper ways of life.

The change from a patriotic conception of



national unification to a grandiose vision of world empire was made boldly, heralded by the great shout, "*Weltmacht oder Niedergang*" — World Power or Downfall! Equally open was the establishment of a distinction between public morality and private morality, so that the crimes of an individual became the virtues of a state, thus providing an ethical base for treaty-breaking, aggression, and pillage.

Freedom-loving Germans resisted these perversions in revolt after revolt, only to know death or exile. In the last hundred years, thousands upon thousands have fled the House of Bondage, bleeding the motherland of its best and bravest. First led by Carl Schurz, vast numbers came to the United States, enriching the native stock and rising to high place by virtue of the courage and abilities that would have won them prison or the firing squad had they stayed. Those that remained behind either learned the bitter lesson of submission or else grew to relish the

daily dose of poison.

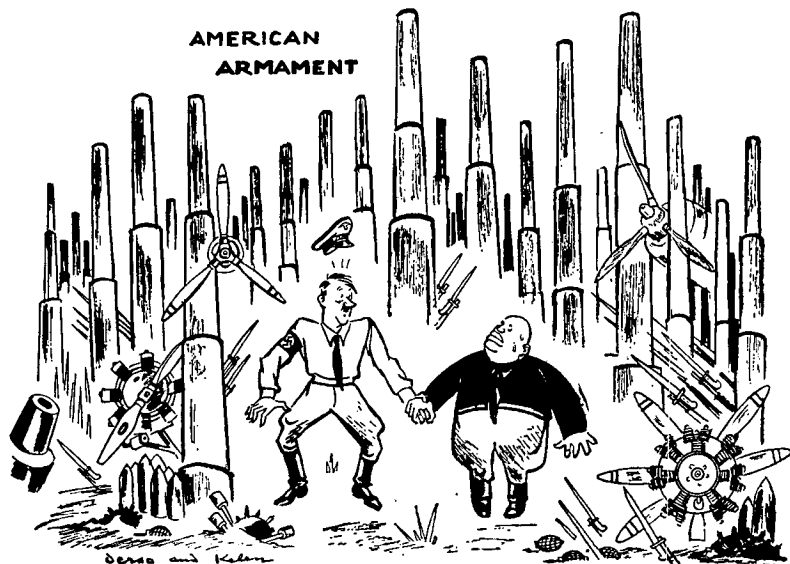
It is, therefore, not merely a few Master Criminals that must be dealt with, but a whole people, abnormal to the point where children betray their parents and brother spies on brother. Talk of "liquidation" is, of course, no less stupid than the naïve belief that all will be well if Hitler is removed. A period of "hospitalization," with emphasis on re-education, is plainly indicated.

Fortunately, the great majority of German States are not hopeless cases by any means. In particular, Bavaria, Saxony, Wurthemberg, Hesse, Hanover and the Rhineland, federated and protected against Prussian domination, hold high promise of a return to sanity. Prussia, however, is a psychopathic case that will require long and careful treatment.

GEORGE CREEL

(Head of Committee On Public  
Information in World War I)

Washington, D. C.



*Babes in the Woods*



SIR: We are so far from winning the war that it seems almost idle to discuss what we shall do after victory. But victory will come, however hard and long the road.

After the last war we were weak. We kissed the Germans; we comforted a people led astray, as we said, by their rulers; we handed the Germans billions of money. With the exception of charitably feeding the children, we behaved like emotional neurasthenics. The writer personally, as chairman, with Stettinius of the Morgan firm as treasurer, collected a fund to help the German intellectuals, until the refusal of the German Embassy in Washington to half-mast its flag on the death of President Wilson put an end to our nonsense. Germany was allowed to keep its heavy industry and secretly prepared for a war of revenge and the conquest of the world.

The nations of Europe were blind or asleep and the weakness of England or France or both in permitting the Germans to break the Treaty of Versailles and march into the Rhineland was notice to Hitler and the military that the hour of revenge and world domination was at hand.

After the last war, the Germans learned our cipher and detailed a Foreign Office man to go over my despatches, looking for propaganda material. He told a diplomatic friend of mine that the only thing they found in my despatches to which they had serious objection was a despatch to the State Department in which I wrote, "This nation knows no God but force." That was true then and is true today.

After the war will come a flood of economic problems. Of course, the Germans will export manufactured goods to South America and even Russia, receiving in return coffee, sugar, cocoa beans, grain and fats, etc. But to bring the Germans into any economic zone which we and our Allies may establish presents a grave problem and is perhaps asking a little too much of peoples whose children, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters have been ruthlessly massacred by the Nazis. The problem is to keep the Germans, and the Japanese as well, from attempting again to realize their dreams

of conquest and the enslavement of other nations.

No nation in all history has shown such determined planned cruelty as have the Germans in this war and before it. What did the Jews do to justify the sadistic horrors visited upon them? And the Czechs, the Belgians, the Hollanders, the Greeks, the French, the Poles who have been tortured, starved and murdered wholesale? How can we "forgive" brutality and inhumanity on such a demonic scale? Hitler in his trench coat is the most destructive figure of all time. No conqueror of history, not Genghis Khan or Tamerlane or Alexander or Caesar or Cambyses or Napoleon, ever caused so many deaths, such misery, or loosed upon the earth with more terrible effect the Four Horsemen of War, Famine, Pestilence and Death.

A League of Nations revived? Nonsense! Splitting Germany — perhaps adding Bavaria to a Danubian Empire — might be tried; but the divisions would be sure to coalesce again. Let's remember that Hitler has broken down the territorial dividing lines between the units of the old Empire.

Only an army of the conquerors can restrain the German will to war. The backbone of this army will be Russians, Chinese, British and Americans and those defeated in their attempt to enslave the world must pay part, at least, of the cost of maintaining that army. First, Germany must be disarmed. Second, all heavy industry must be removed from Germany. And third, a great International Army and Navy composed of contingents from the principal United Nations under one command must be alert permanently to keep the peace of the world, East and West, and stop any attempt to arm.

While this Army watches, while it makes sure that no attempt is made to recreate the military machines that have terrorized the world, the starry-eyed idealists may try their hand at making over the German people. I wish them joy in the task, for Hitler has trained a whole generation in mass murder, in unimaginable cruelty and robbing and in the belief that Germans are the *Herrenvolk*, the

lords of the earth before whom other nations must bow as slaves.

If the German people are really opposed to Hitler's rule of death, let them show it before it is too late. We shall try to save them from the just reprisals of the Poles, the Czechs, the French, the Dutch, the Belgians, the Greeks, the Jugoslavs and the other peoples who have suffered under German rule.

JAMES W. GERARD  
(*American Ambassador to  
Germany, 1913-1917*)

*New York City.*

### EXPERTS, EXPERTS EVERYWHERE

SIR: Because a person is outstandingly brilliant or successful in one field, does it mean that he becomes an expert in all fields? That seems to be a common fallacy in our United States.

My comment is prompted by the flow of opinions on employment, postwar organization and divers other matters by Captain Eddie Rickenbacker. Agreed that he is a crackerjack aviator, a war ace, a hero, a man of exceptional courage. By what logic, however, does that qualify him in the field of economics and politics?

Rickenbacker is only one current and obvious exemplification of the great American myth that prominence somehow implies wisdom. Thus Charles Lindbergh, because he flew across the Atlantic, blossoms out as a seer on world affairs. Henry Ford, unquestionably tops in assembly-line production, gets himself into endless trouble by developing opinions and an audience on history, race relations and what-not. Charlie Chaplin, comedian without peer, holds forth on questions of strategy at "second front" mass meetings. One could extend the list endlessly. Men who have made a million or simply made a big name for themselves feel that they can testify as experts on subjects not in the remotest measure connected with the causes of their fame. More astonishing, millions of Americans listen to them with awed respect as if they knew what they were talking about.

I find it fascinating to read the list of names attached to advertisements of various political and social movements. Always there are dozens of well-meaning ladies and gentlemen who could not possibly have more information on the subjects being advertised than I have. They go on record as favoring action which would be justified only by special knowledge. They add their voices to chorus appeals for "justice" to this or that group or individual — though they have neither the background nor the requisite data for passing judgment. In fact, in many instances the issues involved are so difficult and complex that even people with access to all the data and special training for judging them are left in doubt.

Some time ago I came accidentally on a book of articles and essays by Prof. Albert Einstein. He is a great physicist. I am willing to concede that because other scientists, who ought to know, agree on this. But the things he had to say about political and social questions sounded like third-rate amateur philosophizing. It was just mediocre. And that's the point of my complaint — that successful folk in one field ought to be encouraged to stick to that field. Outside of his scientific calling, Dr. Einstein deserves no more attention than anyone else; except in the field of aviation, Captain Rickenbacker has no more intellectual authority than guys who never left the ground except in an elevator. Chaplin on military strategy, come to think of it, is *funnier than anything he has done on the screen.*

S. BURRIL SICHERT

*Chicago.*

### THE DEVIL'S EAR

SIR: As an American who lived and traveled in western and central Europe from 1923 to 1940 and so gained a firsthand knowledge of the people in those regions, I wish to protest in the strongest terms against the increasing practice of exiled Germans telling us how to win the war. The real concern of these refugees, *l'arrière-pensée* which dominates and pierces through their arguments, is not really

the winning of the war but what the Allies will do with Germany once the war is won.

In the Open Forum of the February AMERICAN MERCURY, Otto Strasser uses the threadbare argument that Wilson's Fourteen Point program helped win the other war. The intention is to flatter us. But in reality it is old doublecross German propaganda.

Back in 1923, long before Hitler's star was visible in the German political firmament, the people of Germany were saying that their army had not been defeated and that they had been fooled into giving up the fight, believing in Wilson's sincerity. And in June of that year, the Berlin movie-houses were showing a film depicting Frederick the Great sticking it out through military reverses and threats of mutiny and winning out in the end. One close-up, which drew prolonged applause from the audience, showed the worn-out soles of Frederick's shoes as evidence of his stubborn will to win. This, I repeat, was in the heyday of the Weimar Republic.

If the German propaganda machine worked hard, at home, to make the people believe Germany had been deceived by false promises into surrendering in 1918, those same Fourteen Points were used abroad as a wedge to pry the victors loose from their victory. The world knows now to its sorrow how well they succeeded.

The devil's ear can be seen sticking out in Strasser's advice to follow Stalin's example and declare publicly our postwar policy towards the Reich. It is evident that in the game the Soviet dictator intends to play on the European chessboard, he will need a strong but not overpowerful Germany. Strasser, using Talleyrand's trick, wants us also to put in a bid for postwar Germany's services. And he shows his intention more clearly yet by his decidedly uncomplimentary remark that the "chaotic chorus" concerning the German problem is "further complicated by the threats of the governments-in-exile."

The Casablanca Conference followed the one sensible course by declaring firmly that we will be satisfied with "unconditional surrender" only, and guaranteeing the German

people against senseless extermination or enslavement. That is the sole policy we can follow at present.

BENJAMIN PROTTER

*Niagara Falls, N.Y.*

## ON THE BEN HECHT ARTICLE

SIR: The atrocities against the European Jews have undoubtedly been many, more than those inflicted against any other race. The world does not debate this point, nor does the world expect the Jews to judge Hitler and make the peace when the time comes. This is not a war of opposing faiths, nor is it a war to decide whether or not the Jew shall be wiped from the face of the earth. The question to ponder is not who will represent the Jews at the final reckoning, as Mr. Ben Hecht leads us to believe ["Remember Us!" in the February issue]. It is one who will represent the American people of all faiths.

No single religious group is justified to expect more representation than the others. They will all be represented as Americans when the times comes. The American Jew is like any of his fellow-Americans. He has the same ideals, does the same work, fights in the same Army and Navy for the same things. When he goes to church, his is a different church, but this different religious outlook has no effect on his rooting for the Dodgers, buying War Bonds, eating hot dogs or building airplanes. He is an American first and he fights for his country or argues his political beliefs as only Americans do.

Many people have been misled to believe that all Jews want to return to Palestine. Why is this mistaken belief so widespread? Because the only Jews who write and speak of themselves as a separate group are those who believe this too! The rest of us, and we are the overwhelming majority, think of ourselves as ordinary Americans; consequently only one side of this argument is heard. The rest of us are too busy thinking about the USA and ourselves as a part of it to champion any special racial cause.

H.B.M. BURD, U.S.N.R.

*Norfolk, Virginia.*



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(Continued from page 504)

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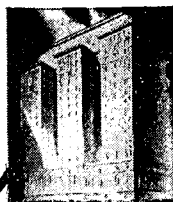


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